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# The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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## Patterns

THERE is nothing more delicately organized than a habit. Touch blood, touch bone, and recovery quickly follows; but break a habit, or change or confuse it, and a series of nervous shocks follows down the days. The man insensibly alters, and the man's emotions and the man's thinking with him. The pattern of his life may remain the same outwardly, but it quivers like a spider's web, and if he is a writer these vibrations pass into literature.

The anarchy, or more properly the riot, of standards, in which we find ourselves now is due in part to such a cause. Never before, except in periods of national breakdown, have habits been so shaken out of their pattern as in this generation. The habits themselves may have been trivial, but the results have not been proportionately small. From the mid-nineteenth century on the advance of applied science has one by one reached and shaken every familiar custom. Speed, to cite only one example, is a good thing in itself, and sensible people have wondered why the stick-in-the-muds have made such an outcry against stretching man's legs to cover a county instead of the village green. Of course it was not speed in itself but the habits broken by speed which caused the violent changes in human conduct for which Mr. Ford finds himself so surprisingly blamed. Whole peoples, as we can readily see now, began to do pretty much everything differently, and while what they did was frequently better than what they had done before, their habit pattern was shaken. Life lost some of its accountability. Something very deep in human nature, a nerve rhythm perhaps, certainly an accustomed alternation of energy and rest, was upset by the possibility or the growing necessity of speed. Men spoke as before, were moved as before by greed and love, but they did not feel quite as before. They had broken age-long habits of going so far, so often, so fast, and trivial though that breaking seemed, it had incalculable results. Telephones made communication wider, more frequent, and less personal, radios and cheap magazines kept the outside world present even in privacy. Change, the rapid physical change of a machine age, kept environment in a constant flux, so that no scene for the urban dweller was the same for more than a year at a time. Noise became the background of all other sounds in the ear. The economics of production sharply altered the content of man's imagination from simple wants held in control, to elaborate desires encouraged by every means known to advertising. And so rapidly did all this happen that the children, the parents, and the grandparents came to speak three different languages and to boast of not being able to understand each other.

But how can transportation and communication, said the preachers and philosophers, affect the eternal verities? Does not human nature remain substantially the same? Is God less God because two million cars and a million radio sets are manufactured in a year?

They missed the point. Habits were changed or broken, and you cannot alter the pattern of human habits without altering thinking and the product of the emotions. Socrates would not have been Socrates if he had lived in Montclair and commuted; yet, thanks to industrialism, he would have had to live in Montclair (or Princeton) if he sought quiet, and would have had to commute if he were to know his Athens. Break his habits and to some extent you remake him.

Therefore it may be said with some justice that the restless and diverse literature of this age, which points a dozen ways, and seems to deny Spengler's dictum that all the products of a given period show an essential kinship, owes its nervous instability and almost hysterical experimenting to unsettled lives and broken habits. Just as the child of divorced parents becomes again and again a school "problem," so the book of an author psychologically unsettled in an unstable environment becomes a nervous and unsettled book. Power it may have, but seldom wisdom and peace. If you doubt, talk to the authors. They above all others are flotsam and jetsam on a sea of new experience. They have lost the pattern in their own lives and find none in the life about them. Therefore they depict, and rightly, change. Change is the theme of most American novels, and spiritual upset the theme of most modern poetry, when it has a theme at all. They are right, for it is not tradition, not order, not pattern which is characteristic of the age, but their opposites. They are right, but unfortunate, since it is the breach of habit and the tension which follows that accounts for their nervousness and hysteria, and accounts also for the patent-medicine idealism of the popular magazines which denies what is most true of modern life. We shall get no standards except in the abstract until the life pattern ceases to shake so wildly.

## No Stranger Place

By PAUL ENGLE

THERE is no stranger place than earth
To bury her whose heart was shaken
By little sparrows on a fence
Whose broken nests the wind had taken.

Earth is too dark a place to dig
A grave for her who loved the quick
Leaping of sunlight from low pools
To shining mud or hickory stick.

It is too silent in the grave
For her who stopped to hear the crying
Of lonely whippoorwills in moonlight
And owls that screamed before their flying.

Stone will be heavy on the breast
Of her whose speech and touch were light
As wind on fragile mullein leaf
And moths half hovering, half in flight.

### This Week

"Savage Messiah."
Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.
"Scenes and Portraits."
Reviewed by FRED T. MARSH.
"Men and Memories."
Reviewed by CHRISTIAN BRINTON.
"Fads, Frauds and Physicians."
Reviewed by MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D.
"If, or History Rewritten."
Reviewed by L. R. E. PAULIN.
"Dumb-Animal."
Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON.
"Hunger and Love."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.
"Morning Tide."
Reviewed by LEONARD EHRLICH.
The Red and White Girdle.
By CHRISTOHER MORLEY.

### Next Week, or Later

"Men of Art."
Reviewed by LLOYD GOODRICH.

## A Newspaper Possibility

By FABIAN FRANKLIN

EVERYBODY knows that during the past three or four decades the business of getting out a daily newspaper has undergone a radical change. From a comparatively modest undertaking, in a financial sense, the publication of a daily in any large city has been transformed into a great commercial enterprise, an enterprise of which the income and the outgo are measured not in hundreds of thousands but in millions. That this condition of things, though carrying with it substantial advantages for the public, has had results that are in the highest degree deplorable, hardly anybody who knows anything about the function of daily journalism will deny. A recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, by William Preston Beazell, a veteran newspaper man, gives a vivid picture of the situation; but indeed the facts that he presents, while not known to the general public in detail, are, in their essence, matter of familiar knowledge. The growth of mergers and of newspaper chains; the steady reduction of the number of newspapers in so many of our cities; the steady diminution of individuality and selectiveness—all these things are the natural concomitants of a competitive commercial struggle in which the stakes are high and the risks great.

The article to which I have referred is only one of scores that have been written in recent years dealing with the same general situation and expressing the same sense of its gravity. But, as Mark Twain said of the weather, while everybody talks about it, nobody does anything about it. And the reason is in both cases the same. The forces that determine the evolution of the modern mammoth newspaper are, like the forces that determine the weather, too gigantic for us to control. Yet there is one difference between the two cases, and it is one which, I venture to assert, opens the way for something that can really be done towards redressing the evils of the situation.

* * *

The daily newspaper performs three separate and distinct functions. It gathers—either directly or through the coöperative news associations—an enormous mass of news, of infinite variety, and of every possible degree and kind of importance; it determines the degree of prominence and the amount of space which it shall devote to the various elements of this mass of news; and it comments editorially on the news of the day and on the issues of the time.

Of the vast expenses of the present-day newspaper, incomparably the greater part goes to the gathering and printing of the news, upon a scale sufficient to satisfy the desires, or the supposed desires, of the entire newspaper reading public. To cover these vast expenses an enormous volume of advertising is required; to obtain that enormous volume of advertising the paper must have a very large circulation; to get that circulation it must furnish upon an ample scale every kind of news that any considerable section of the population demands. Thus selection upon any principle higher than that of mere commercial catering—upon any principle of rational or individualized perspective—is rendered impossible. If you are an entrant in the great newspaper competition, you must swim with the stream or drown. From this fatalistic conclusion there is, on the face of things, no escape. Yet I believe that the case is not so hopeless as it seems; and I shall venture to point out a way in which the greatest public service performed by the best newspapers of the past might be resumed by a newspaper which, while as live as any newspaper, would not attempt to compete with the mam-

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moth papers which now occupy—and which of course will continue to occupy—the field.

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To accomplish this object, the essential condition is that the paper should forego entirely that one of the newspaper's three functions which imposes upon it incomparably the greatest of its financial burdens, the function of gathering and purveying the colossal mass of the day's views. It would have to devote itself expressly and exclusively to sifting the news, presenting it in what it regards as proper perspective and proportion, and expressing its opinions on current events and the issues of the time.

Obviously, a daily paper that undertook to do this could not be "up to the minute" in the news that it presented, for it would have to make use of materials which the news-gathering papers had already published. But it could be very nearly up to the minute. To get a concrete picture of its character, let us suppose that a group of newspapermen of the highest quality were engaged to get out in New York a paper issued at noon every day, a paper which might be called the *Midday Bulletin*. This paper would present every day, in good readable form and in intelligent proportion and perspective, the substance of all the news of real public interest which had appeared in the great newspapers of that morning and the preceding evening. It would of course have to pay full respect to the rights of the newsgathering papers and associations; and the question of just how this should be done would require close and conscientious consideration. But if it were undertaken in good faith, I think there is little doubt that, without in the least trenching on the legitimate rights of the great newspapers, the paper could furnish to the public an adequate view of what was going on in the world, in a small fraction of the space that is occupied by the mass of dispatches, interviews, and reports which fill the news columns of the great dailies.

No matter how well this was done, a newspaper of this kind would not meet the cravings of the millions. But such a newspaper published in New York [illegible] even in cities of much less magnitude—would [illegible]ly find thousands of appreciative readers, pro- [illegible] it was of unquestionably excellent quality. A [illegible]ent of the news which was dominated by a genuine sense of perspective and proportion would make an impression upon the mind which a treatment dominated by the imperious demands of mere quantity cannot produce.

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To play an important part in the journalism of the country—or even to succeed at all—the *Midday Bulletin* would have to be carried on by men of first-rate ability. Hackwork would not do at all for the kind of treatment of the news which has been indicated above. And in addition to high skill and thorough intelligence in the handling of the news, something else would be required to give the newspaper real savor. This it could not have if it confined itself to presentation of the news, however excellent; it would have to excel likewise in the third function of the newspaper, the expression of editorial opinion. An editorial page distinguished by ability, courage, and journalistic power would be an essential feature; without this the paper could not impress the public imagination as a living institution.

The expense attending the publication of such a paper would be by no means small. But it would be insignificant in comparison with the budget of such a paper as the New York *Times* or the New York *Herald Tribune*. The news-gathering expenses would be eliminated, and the size of the paper—four to eight pages instead of forty to sixty or eighty—would reduce the expenses of manufacture to a small fraction of what the great newspapers carry. On the other hand, it would be essential to put high-class, and therefore highly paid, men in charge of every part of the work—the handling of the news as well as the editorial writing. Nothing short of unmistakable excellence would serve.

In the race for maximum circulation, the *Midday Bulletin* would of course be nowhere. It would have to be content with tens of thousands where the big newspapers look for hundreds of thousands. But these tens of thousands would be the very cream of the community, and for certain classes of advertising the paper could command ample patronage at high rates.

Those who supplied the capital for such a paper would have little or no prospect of making it a highly profitable venture; but they might very reasonably expect it to be self-supporting, and even to yield a good return on the investment. Their chief motive would doubtless be the desire to provide a sorely needed element in our public life; yet it is essential that they should think of the undertaking as distinctly a business enterprise.

The idea of an endowed newspaper has often been mooted, but has never found much countenance. This, I am sure, is as it should be. An endowed newspaper would be lacking in the essential requirements of a paper that is to be a living force in the community. To play that part, it must be, and must be felt by the public to be, a real player of the game. If it shows independence and courage and individuality, it must be prepared to pay the price of failure in case these qualities should result in failure; it must be not a mere looker-on, but an actual participant in the fight.

To provide the capital for such an undertaking would be one of the most beneficent of possible undertakings in our country. The direct benefit of even a single newspaper of this kind would be very great; its indirect benefit, through its effect upon other newspapers, as well as through its influence upon the most important elements of our citizenship, would be incalculable. Surely it would be an experiment abundantly well worth making; an experiment which might indeed fail, but which might, on the other hand, not improbably prove a signal success.

## Gaudier-Brzeska

SAVAGE MESSIAH. By H. S. Ede. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by Ernest Sutherland Bates

MR. EDE'S book is really the result of a collaboration among three people, one a sculptor of genius, one a madwoman, and the third, the technical author, a man with sufficient wit to appreciate the genius and madness of the other two. The sculptor, Henri Gaudier, perhaps better known in this country as Gaudier-Brzeska, is the fawn-like yet also wolf-like "Savage Messiah" of this biography, which is made significant primarily by the inclusion of his magnificent letters. These defiant utterances of one who possessed in a supreme degree that life-giving power which Carl Van Doren has called "the fourth dimension" of art, above its conventional trinity of truth, goodness, and beauty, constitute a body of provocative and sometimes profound criticism of art, men, and morals—criticism dropped in quiet faith or, more often, hurled forth in stormy wrath. The second collaborator, the madwoman—although not literally mad until after Gaudier's death—is Sophie Brzeska, who lived with the sculptor as his alleged sister, thus giving occasion for the dual name which he adopted. She is present in passages based on her diaries and on an unfinished—and unfinishable—novel which was to have extended into a trilogy. The least of the three collaborators, Mr. Ede, has written a competent narrative connecting the portion derived from the two more colorful figures.

When Henri Gaudier and Sophie Brzeska first met in the Ste. Genevieve Library in Paris in 1910, he was only eighteen and she was more than twice that age. He was the son of a provincial carpenter and had recently come to Paris to study art and perhaps, as a side issue, to make a living. She was a Polish woman with a persecution complex, who, according to her own account, had been driven from home by the cruelty of her relatives, had lived in Paris as a nursemaid, in New York as a governess, had found New York even worse than Poland, and so returned home to find Poland worse than New York, and had finally journeyed back to Paris in order to commit suicide. Henri knew that he was an artist, Sophie fancied that she was a writer. Both were lonely, poor, and ill. An intimate friendship arose between them, of strange character, maternal on the part of the woman, who had been battered by both life and love, more ambiguous in the case of the inexperienced youth who seems to have felt towards his "Maman," his "Mamus," his "Little Zosik," his "Zosienka," the emotions of both a son and a lover.

The record of their years together, spent mainly in or near London whither Gaudier went with the strange idea that he would find more appreciation of art there than in Paris, reads like the story of a nightmare. Their poverty was so extreme that at one time Sophie actually had to beg on the streets, while Henri made drawings of café patrons at one penny each. Their passionate quarrels, leading to frequent separations, were sometimes tragic, sometimes ludicrous—as when they took turns in smashing a bust of Sophie on which the sculptor was working. A promising friendship with Middleton Murry was broken up by Katherine Mansfield's dislike of Sophie, who was even more impossible in a drawing room than Henri himself. But through all their wild career, one feels Gaudier hunted and driven by his own genius. At last there came a beginning of recognition through the friendship of Ezra Pound, Frank Harris, Paul Morand. And then the war, Gaudier's enlistment, and his death at Neuville St. Vaast on June 5, 1915.

For seven more years Sophie could be seen on the streets of London, "a strange, gaunt woman with short hair, no hat, and shoes cut into the form of sandals." She was now quite mad, owing to remorse for what seemed in retrospect her unsympathetic treatment of her companion. But perhaps a world that has no better use for its Henri Gaudiers than to kill them at the age of twenty-three is even madder than was Sophie Brzeska.

## Men and Vistas

SCENES AND PORTRAITS. By Frederic Manning. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by Fred T. Marsh

THIS collection of philosophical essays and imaginary conversations by an English poet and philosopher, best known in this country as the author of the unusual war book, "Her Privates We," is written in a finished, unfaltering prose that is a delight to the eye and to the ear. It treats of the gods—or rather, "of man's notion of God, and the successive stages which this notion has traversed in the course of its historical development," to quote the last piece in the book wherein God discourses to Satan. And although the philosopher knows, with Santayana, that possession of the absolute truth (which is God) is beyond the range of the human mind—is, indeed, incompatible with being alive—man, himself, the old Adam, whether he of the garden of Eden or in his incarnation as Job, the afflicted of the Lord, is greater than any of his gods and must remain the hero of his own saga.

In the first piece Merodach, King of Uruk, converses with his philosopher Bagoas on the ancient theme which inspired Shelley's "Ozymandias," which lay behind the building of the pyramids. But Bagoas takes his master on a visit to Eden to see Adam and Eve. Alas! When they arrive Paradise is deserted of the original pair. But the monarch's favorite daughter finds her lover and destined husband, the meeting having been arranged by the philosopher. And meanwhile in the desert Adam and Eve and their two small boys sadly carry on the thread of human destiny.

At the home of Euripides, Protagoras and Socrates discuss with each other and with their host certain phases of the nature of God and of man, and, most delightfully, the nature of Euripides's art. Next, the Roman, Serenus, after a discussion with friends of the life and recent death of Seneca, reads them an account of his experiences with Paul and the new sect of Christians. St. Francis and Innocent III see through each other better than they see through themselves, but the cynical Cardinal, present at their meeting, though smaller than either, sees through them both. Thomas Cromwell and Machiavelli talk together. Renan and Pope Leo XIII meet after death.

Reading this little book has been a delightful experience both because of the beauty of its language playing over great men and wide vistas of thought, and because of the stimulation to thinking processes afforded by its own thought content. Mr. Manning has provided us brilliant and melancholy and charming conversation; he has not tried to take us very far. For the essays are of the spirit of the age, the spirit of the new science in which modern thought seems to turn back on and against itself (like the whiting with its tail in its mouth). Thus science and metaphysics and religion, in the face of a practical world of machines and socialism, tend to become cults of intellectual or religious beauty. The dear delight must supply its own reward.

The James Tait Black Memorial Prize for 1930 was recently awarded to Miss S. H. Young for her novel, "Miss Mole."

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# In the Prism of the Past

MEN AND MEMORIES. Recollections of WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN. New York: Coward-McCann. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by CHRISTIAN BRINTON

IT is not often that in a single volume one achieves, so to speak, a double success. Yet this is what Sir William Rothenstein, in "Men and Memories" seems to have done. Here is a delectable work wherein is set forth alike in word and image not the vapoury egoism of the individual, and the clear-visioned profile of an entire epoch. Much has of late been proffered touching the atmosphere of the 'eighties—"eightyish," Sir William terms it—as also the aroma of the mauve decade, but nothing thus far has been comparable to that contained in these pages. No one save an accomplished draftsman and an instinctive writer could have presented in such sure outline the men and women of art, letters, and the stage who flowered during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, mainly in and about London and Paris.

"Men and Memories" is the artist-author's career seen in indulgent yet discriminating perspective. Beginning with childhood souvenirs of the family home in Manningham Lane, Bradford, the laburnum tree by the gate, the kindergarten school kept by the Misses Gregory, the fantastic drollery of Christmas pantomime and provincial circus, we shortly find the precocious lad studying at the Slade under Alphonse Legros. If he early learned to draw with fluency, he also acquired the faculty of registering not only what he saw but what he felt and thought concerning those with whom he came in contact, whether professors, fellow students, sitters, or great folk. Across these pages flit in swift-caught silhouette a notable procession. It starts with the mellow, ambrosial giants of pre-Raphaelite days, Watts, Rossetti, Morris, and Burne-Jones. It closes with Beardsley, Dowson, Conder, restless, gypsy Augustus John, and delicately attuned Ambrose McEvoy. The chronicle is carried down to 1900. Its continuation may be awaited with no little zest.

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Following his Slade apprenticeship the eager, acquisitive little "Parson" as he had already been christened, of course migrates to Paris where he enters Julian's and proceeds with considerable gusto to Gallicize himself. A better linguist than most Britishers, he likewise possessed a keener sense of values esthetic and social. In due course he sees everything and meets everyone. De Goncourt, Daudet, Zola, and Mallarmé, deep-voiced Alfred Stevens, "a magnificent old ruin," dropping in at the Rat Mort, dreamy, sensuous Conder nightly haunting the Moulin, Toulouse-Lautrec and Anquetin, flashing Rayon d'Or, and acidulous Yvette Guilbert making her début—the whole panorama of Paris during the 'nineties is here, not forgetting Degas, Whistler, Wilde, Verlaine, and Jean Moréas reigning over his *cénacle* of rowdy poetasters at the Café d'Harcourt.

Sir William naturally falls in with not a few Americans, among them Richard Harding Davis. It seems that Davis instinctively regretted that Rothenstein and his friend Conder "were not like himself noble and virtuous." The artist fellows puzzled Davis sadly: "he even at times had doubts in regard to himself; but these doubts, when in the morning before his glass he brushed his rich, shining hair and shaved his fresh, firm chin, and called to mind the sums his short stories brought him, proved fleeting as last night's dream."

The balanced admixture of observation and irony that make for the perfect portrait sketch is here, just as it is present in the characterizations of rude, irascible Pennell and snobbish Theodore Watts-Dunton. Yet when it comes to really significant figures such as Whistler, Oscar Wilde, and (so thinks Sir William) Bernard Shaw, the touch is not without genuine appreciation, even reverence. Apropos of Whistler, he recounts the incident of Roussel on his way to dine with the Master and inviting Pelligrini to come along, at which the inimitable caricaturist exclaims, "Dine with Vistlaire! O no! One *salade*, one sardine, arf a crown for a cab! O no!"

Plentiful as are the diverting incidents and sparkling *mots* that dot these pages, Sir William by no means ignores the more serious aspects of his craft. Nowhere is he more illuminating than on the subject of Sargent, that princely phenomenon of brush and palette who for a period lauded it over all. "Sargent's unappeased appetite for work allowed him to paint everything and anything without selection, anywhere, at any time. He was like a hungry man with a superb digestion, who need not be too particular what he eats."

Of all the celebrities that crowd the canvas there seems to be something in the author's deep-rooted social and humanitarian sympathy that draws him more closely to two figures. They are shattered, sodden Verlaine, badgered by the ubiquitous Eugènie, his brow yet kissed by the stars, and Wilde, sullied though not impenitent, the Wilde of the last phase. There is scarcely anything in literature more poignantly suggestive than the letter Mr. Rothenstein quotes from Oscar, just released from prison, having reaped the bitter harvest of decadence.

> I am not (writes the then Sebastian Melmoth) really ashamed of having been in prison; I often was in more shameful places: but I *am* really ashamed of having led a life unworthy of an artist. I don't say that Messalina is a better companion than Sporus, or that one is all right and the other all wrong: I know simply that a life of definite and studied materialism, and philosophy of appetite and cynicism, and a cult of sensual and senseless ease, are bad things for an artist; they narrow the imagination, and dull the more delicate sensibilities.

And thereafter follows a pretty tribute to Sir William's lithographs, the same "silent songs on stone," that animate and diversify these pages.

Oscar Wilde, Charles Conder, Max Beerbohm, and Sir William Rothenstein, at the Café Royal. By Max Beerbohm. (From "Men and Memories")

By an impish streak of perversity it not infrequently happens that a man finds himself better known and longer remembered through some by-product of his activity than because of that to which he has devoted the major effort of a lifetime. If this were to prove true in Sir William's case, he could scarcely have cause for surprise or complaint. It would after all simply be of a piece with that whimsical and always salutary irony of life of which the author's recollections are themselves so largely compounded. Despite Paris training and Continental sympathies, Sir William's artistic aims and practice seem to have remained those of his favorite exhibition place, the New English Art Club. Which, as Lamb might have put it, has always been "ratherish" more English than new.

# Status of Medical Science

FADS, FRAUDS AND PHYSICIANS. Diagnosis and Treatment of the Doctors' Dilemma. By T. SWANN HARDING. New York: The Dial Press. 1930. $3.50.

Reviewed by MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D.

MR. T. SWANN HARDING is a chemist. It is a pity he never completed a medical course and practiced clinical medicine. Had he had the responsibility and with it the experience of taking care of a few patients, his point of view would, of course, have been entirely different from that which he adopts in this book. He reflects here neither the views of a competent investigator, a sociologist, a political economist, or an uninformed patient. He reflects rather the views of a person who has read a vast amount of medical literature and economic contributions in the field of medicine and who is having a terrible time in digesting what he has taken. The output is in the form of what physicians call "indigestible residue."

Mr. Harding apparently cannot tolerate criticism. One needs merely to have remarked at some time or other that something said by Mr. Harding was silly or unscientific in order to have Mr. Harding call attention frequently to that fact in an abused, petulant, ironical, and cynical manner. This I found by consulting the references to my name in his index.

In "Fads, Frauds and Physicians," Mr. Harding has elaborated a number of essays contributed by him at various times to various publications. He has had the experience of being turned down by some of the best periodicals in the country and he resents it. On the other hand, his views have been published by several publications known as socially minded in their point of view. From the material thus assembled and with the addition of numerous literary references, he has compiled this tome.

The writings of Mr. Harding are marked primarily by two attributes—he is exceedingly verbose and remarkably uninformed. He accuses medicine as practiced today of being unscientific in many respects. The accusation he presents as though it were a bolt from the blue. He will not find a single physician to disagree with him, yet he takes it for granted that all physicians will disagree with him. No one knows better than physicians themselves the limitations of their science, but they are not running around in rings shouting about it; they are doing more than anyone else to overcome its limitations. Mr. Harding is inclined to discount the art of the practice of medicine. Any physician of considerable experience recognizes that the art of the practice of medicine, humanity being what it is, is about as important at the present time as the science. Physicians recognize that the human being consists of both the mind and the body. They realize that the mind controls the functions of the body in many respects. They attempt scientifically to control the mind, in this way differing from metaphysicians, mind healers, and similar empiricists who attempt to control the body entirely by the mind. This does not, however, satisfy Mr. Harding. Being a chemist by trade, he apparently wishes the physician in his study of disease in the human being to bring about as certain a response as occurs when silver nitrate is added to a solution of sodium chloride. What a terrible world it would be if that were invariably possible!

Mr. Harding is convinced that a considerable number of physicians are incompetent. Again, he will find physicians generally agreeing with him. Incompetence in every profession in the United States is a byword. It represents the youth of our civilization. Thirty years ago there were more medical schools in the United States than in all of the rest of the world. Today the number has been cut into less than one-half, and the standards have been raised to a point which insures a higher type of scientific physician. The physicians themselves brought about the reform.

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Unfortunately, with the advance in medical science, an increase in the cost of medical care promptly followed. This was as logical as any step taken by mankind in any other development of human activities. When one improves his living conditions, one expects to pay more for the newer service. When one adds to the old-time routine of taking history and making a diagnosis on the history alone, the modern routine of laboratory diagnosis, x-ray pictures, cystoscopy, bronchoscopy, and other technical procedures, one must expect to pay more for the improved service. The rise in the quality of the practice of medicine has stimulated a vast amount of discussion of the cost of medical care. To this problem the medical profession is giving more attention than is being given by any other part of the population and the solution of the problem will probably come from the medical profession. It will necessitate savings where they can be made without lowering the quality of the service. The profession will probably resist to the last ditch any attempt to lower the cost of medical care by lowering the quality of the service or by lowering the standards of the profession.

Mr. Harding sees the only answer to the problem in complete control of medicine by the state. If such control had been demonstrated in numerous other countries, which have now been experimenting with state control for some ten to twenty years, to be an adequate solution of the problem, the medical profession of this country would probably consent to a similar scheme. Actually, no other country has demonstrated the practicability of supplying high class medical service under government control. The American medical profession is convinced that such service is not suitable to American conditions. Once established, Americans would not tolerate it any more than they tolerate prohibition. The state full-time salaried doctors would attend to the T. Swann Hardings* and the intelligent, free-minded, and un-Babbitized would seek out independent physicians.

* For Mr. Harding's reply to Dr. Fishbein's review see page 698.

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# Topsy-Turvy History

IF, OR HISTORY REWRITTEN. By PHILIP GUEDALLA, G. K. CHESTERTON, HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, ANDRÉ MAUROIS, HILAIRE BELLOC, H. A. L. FISHER, HAROLD NICOLSON, WINSTON CHURCHILL, MILTON WALDMAN, EMIL LUDWIG, J. C. SQUIRE. New York: The Viking Press. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by L. R. E. PAULIN

IT is a pleasant pastime in which J. C. Squire and his company of playfellows engage in this book. The one rule of the game to which each is bound is to assume that at a certain juncture the course of events was reversed; what then might have followed leaves room for playful conjecture or serious surmise. It is a topsy-turvy method of distorting history at will and inventing theories that rest on the airiest of foundations. Start with one accepted fact or known figure, and promptly discard it, and you are free to take any road fancy bids, and have an amusing journey. Your baggage is light, you have no fixed itinerary, and your destination is wherever for the moment you choose to make it.

It is an old story that, if Cleopatra had had a pug-nose and been cross-eyed, or Caesar had remained in Britain, where he found the native oysters greatly to his taste, Mommsen would have had quite a different tale to tell. There is no limit to the possible variations from history, as it is taught, once full advantage is taken of the privilege of beginning with an "If." That is exactly what Mr. Guedalla, M. Maurois, Herr Ludwig, and the rest of the jolly companions in these adventures acknowledge doing. They are carefree, conscienceless, deliberate falsifiers, and they enjoy it. For the most part they furnish good entertainment, sometimes where least expected.

* * *

Hilaire Belloc recalls that, after escaping from Paris in the attempt to join the army at the frontier, Louis XVI and his Queen were arrested at Varennes. At a nearby posting place a young fellow named Drouet had recognized them, hurried ahead, pulled a cart out of a shed and barricaded the arched gateway of Varennes. The royal fugitives in their coach could not pass, were questioned, held in custody, and taken back to Paris. Mr. Belloc, in the person of Mr. Clarke, the historian, writing in the *Weekly Critic*, Saturday, October 3, 1867, describes the consequences if Drouet's cart, chained by a hind wheel, had stuck. He makes a good yarn of it.

Dashing through the forest, Drouet reached Varennes and hitched his horse to the wall near the gateway. He could hear the clatter of the horses' shoes as they neared the bridge. He grasped the shafts of a cart. A yard, two yards, he could not move it an inch more. As the berline which held the King and Queen came thundering by, he grasped at the leaders' bridles; the postilion struck him in the face with his whip, and Drouet fell backwards. They had escaped down the Montmédy road.

A year later, according to the *Bath News Sheet*, the French King's forces defeated the rebels near the hamlet of Valmy. The Revolution collapsed and the monarchy was victorious. A huge monument was erected by a grateful government, facing the Tuileries, with four symbolic figures of Victory, Legitimacy, Justice, and Peace. In May, 1820, Billy Hobson, attaché in Paris, writing to Lady Mira Gerste, tells of meeting at dinner an old gunner, with the rank of colonel, of a poor Corsican family—in Italian fashion called "Bonaparti" who is "exceedingly short, very fat, talks continually, and lays down the law in a way that would be offensive, if it were not comic." Ten years later, an article in the London *Times* speaks of disorders in France, and the sending of a British expeditionary force to garrison French ports in support of the rights of the King of France. By 1850, Louis XIX is on the throne, propped up by British bayonets.

Mr. Belloc writes his own documents, on which to draw in support of his purely imaginary historical statements. He cites contemporary authorities of his own creation—gallant young diplomatic attachés writing to lady friends in London, articles from Milan and Vienna newspapers, private letters from English travelers on the Continent, and, of course, leading articles from the *Times*. It is a grand jumble of sham history and plain nonsense, which, ten years after a European war, as a result of which the Most Christian King, Louis XX of France, is held prisoner by Spain, Britain maintains supremacy on the sea, and Europe lies prostrate at the feet of the Austrian House, ends in "an auspicious matrimonial alliance" between the third son of the Archduke Karl of Austria and the niece of "our own most gracious sovereign" (see the London *Times*, Nov. 11, 1928), a marriage of which perhaps the most gratifying aspect is that the absurd prejudice against a union of differing creeds was left unheard, the young bride and bridegroom each continuing to worship after the fashion of their fathers.

Given the power to revive dead and gone heroes, set them down in strange surroundings, and make them act leading parts in unheard of world dramas, anything is possible. Thus, in the spirit of broad burlesque, by the use of a simple "If," Napoleon escapes to America on a Danish ship, instead of surrendering to Captain Maitland of H. M. S. Bellerophon and ending his days in exile at St. Helena. In fact, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher speaks as an eyewitness of Napoleon's arrival. It was a hot August evening, when the Harvard boys were on vacation, that a foreign frigate worked its way up the Charles River to the quay.

> There could be no mistaking the figure as he stood there, with his three-cornered hat on his head and his arms folded on his breast, looking just as in the pictures. . . . Then, as he stepped ashore, I came forward and welcomed him in French.
>
> The power and dignity of his opening words struck me with the force of a revelation. "Napoleon, the martyr of Liberty, the enemy of Popes and Kings, claims the hospitality of your Protestant Republic." I replied in French that we Americans had just concluded a war with the English, who had cruelly bombarded our capital, and that he would receive a warm welcome. At this he smiled, and then proceeded with incredible rapidity to pour into me a volley of questions as to my parentage, my religion, my fortune, my calling, and many other details of my life, and habits, which I answered as best I might.

At Boston people flocked from every quarter to see Napoleon. Crowds of newspapermen waited outside his apartments and followed him whenever he went abroad. Distinguished citizens called on him to shake his hand and ascertain his views on the American Constitution. At a public reception at the State House he made a speech:

> "Citizens, I am a Republican. I am here to pay my tribute to the Republicans of the United States, who have thrown off the yoke of perfidious Albion and that Tyranny which you have broken in part of the New World, I have endeavored to destroy in the Old. Great tasks lie before us, great conquests to be made, and great empires to be overthrown in Canada, in South America, on the far side of the Pacific. I have come, my brothers, to offer you my brain, my heart and my sword."

Soon he journeyed to New York by coach, where he was the centre of attention. At Albany, surrounded by maps, he was closeted with French Canadians and Indian chiefs, plotting an expedition against Canada. At Philadelphia, he met Jefferson, Madison, Calhoun, and others, but by that time he was thinking of establishing a little kingdom in Louisiana, where French was spoken, and effecting the liberation of South America from Spanish rule. Mme. Walewska and her little child arrived unfortunately, and a deputation of Philadelphia Quakers came to protest. There were other lady visitors, English and Americans. Mme. Walewska bore him a second son. But Napoleon had no time for such trivial things. From New Orleans he led an expedition to South America, marching from Caracas to Lima, accompanied by long lines of mules, litters, and carts, an African bodyguard, light horsemen, Spanish-American, English, French, North Americans, a picked body of American savants and architects, a corps of French veterans, three theatrical companies, musicians, numerous printing presses. He passed through a country which had already been cleared of enemy forces by the armies of Bolivar and Sucre. Such a triumphal procession South America had never seen. Long before the Liberator had reached Lima he was master of every South American heart.

But that was not to be the end. In his Peruvian home, master of a continent, he suddenly resolved to avenge the battle of Waterloo on the plains of Bengal. He embarked on a Chilean vessel, the *Galvanine*, with fifteen of his old companions-at-arms. Long afterwards it was established that the ship went down in a gale off the coast of Java. During Monroe's administration, Mr. Fisher concludes his unveracious narrative, twenty-eight false Napoleons appeared in the United States, three of them women.

In much the same light vein Harold Nicolson, overlooking the circumstance of Byron's death at Missolonghi in 1824, pictures him as King George of Greece.

If Don John of Austria had married Mary, Queen of Scots, G. K. Chesterton rather ponderously demonstrates that it would have made one of the world's famous love stories. If the Dutch had kept Nieuw Amsterdam, it would have become the center of the intellectual life of the Republic, according to Hendrik Van Loon. If Booth had missed Lincoln, Milton Waldman argues after good precedent, he would have clashed with Thad Stevens and Ben Wade and died a broken man. If Professor Skinner J. Gubbitt of Jones University had discovered indisputable proof that Bacon had written Shakespeare, J. C. Squire makes clear, the publishing trade would have been a boom issuing editions of Bacon and Stratford-on-Avon would have been ruined as a tourist centre. It may be permissible to add that, if Gutenberg had not invented printing, these amusing speculations on history would not have issued from the press.

# Emanations of a Sitwell

DUMB-ANIMAL AND OTHER STORIES. By OSBERT SITWELL. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON

THESE tales and sketches and satires have the usual Sitwell blend of sophistication, cleverness, and effrontery. The author is a hangover from the 'nineties; he really belongs to the race of the *Yellow Book*. He can be amusing, and he can be extremely tedious. Since he eschews simplicity and his merits must be purely literary or scriptive, he owes us much in the way of neat workmanship and artistic continence. He does not pay the debt, except in brief sketches like "Dumb-Animal" and one other of the seven items in this book. His assurance at the outset that "none of the characters referred to in this novel are real persons" is superfluous, since his personæ give no illusion of life. (By the way, what does the author mean by "this novel?")

"Dumb-Animal," but for a long opening paragraph which is properly the beginning of an essay on railway travel, is a vivid, compact *conte* after the Maupassant formula. The random companions of a train journey get into general conversation which turns to intimate matters, as conversation may among total strangers who never expect to see one another again. The author and a young doctor and fever-shaken explorer exchange memories of their childhood. It is the young doctor who confesses an incurable horror of dogs, which goes back to a certain brutal experience of his infancy belonging to his very "dawn of memory." "Echoes" is a memory-impression of Italy the beautiful, the cruel; of its festa-loving people and the pagan savagery that lurks beneath their festal mood. There is (with Ernest Hemingway's permission) pity and terror in both of these pieces to make them haunt the mind.

The longer chapters in the book—I find myself avoiding the use of any word like "tale" or "story"—are less impressive. Each of them is based on a good idea, but none succeeds in embodying the idea in condensed and vital form. The substance of "Charles and Charlemagne" would have been far more effective in five pages than it is in twenty-five. The nearly fifty pages of the concluding fantasy, "Happy Endings," seem almost interminable. It is a laborious satirical handling of the late War as a game of the Old Men and a destroyer of helpless Youth. The writer's heavy-handed and long-winded method is not relieved by his occasional passages of consciously fine writing.

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A collection of Pepys relics is to come up for sale in London on April 1st. It includes a number of Pepys's private papers.

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# Saeva Indignatio

HUNGER AND LOVE. By LIONEL BRITTON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS is a truly extraordinary book. Its most striking characteristic is a sustained rage, against civilized society, against you, because you have ten cents and nothing more necessary to do with it than buy a copy of the *Saturday Review*. This fury sometimes rises to a white heat of illumination, sometimes it sinks to a sullen red glow, but all through the six hundred and twenty-three large pages it is there. Nominally, the book is a novel, the story of Arthur Phelps; actually it is a treatise on man in the universe, with particular reference to the injustice of capitalism. Arthur Phelps, when we first meet him, is a pitiful, pinched errand boy living alone in a wretched lodging house, cramming into his mind all the knowledge he can lay hold of, during every minute that he can snatch. He goes from job to job, sometimes coming to the very edge of starvation, always living in hideous and inescapable dirt, always earning a little more, but always finding the time he can use for study grow less and less. However, he is inextricably caught by the system through falling in love; the hope of some day possessing a certain girl keeps him at his work of persuading people to buy things they do not want at more than his employer paid for them. In the end the war breaks out, and he is sucked into it, vainly resisting; and the author does not know what becomes of him.

By that time Arthur Phelps has already ceased to matter. Whether he was introduced to gain our sympathy or to relieve some oppression in the author's mind, Arthur has throughout the book been made to stand aside for a chapter at a time while Mr. Britton pours out his passionate convictions about education or economics; and even where Arthur appears, his every action is made a text for a commentary on society. This is often delivered in a characteristic telegraph or headline style, which has a bludgeoning effectiveness; thus when Arthur steals a book, Mr. Britton comments:

> Everybody knows rich people do not work, police soldiers with murder weapons quite openly flaunted in streets. The process is frank and open enough in form, open confession merely beasts on grab, willing risk blood of other men but not their own. Something clean about frankness. But if shove book down trousers, not frank.

And all through the book, the author insistently presents the scientific background—the chemical changes in the body during an action, the movements of the earth in space, the physical changes in the brain of a man listening or looking, the progress of a life through space-time. This device seems badly overdone; one grows tired of galaxies and trillions; but Mr. Britton has a purpose in it which becomes apparent as the book goes on.

* * *

The reader will have seen by this time that Mr. Britton has a remarkable mind—one may say a great mind, for only great stresses acting on a great mind could have produced the friction necessary to generate so much heat and light. It is a mind equally remarkable in its qualities and its defects. It derives much of its battering force from the fact Mr. Britton has not the most rudimentary conception of what people unlike himself are driving at. For instance, he devotes considerable space to a discussion of poetic diction, and concludes that if almost all poets, from the days of the Iliad and Beowulf down, have used a special language, this has been to recommend their lies, which would be detected if straightforwardly set forth, and to prevent the proletariat from writing at all. This much one has seen before; but Mr. Britton goes on to analyze a specific example; he cites "I would that we were, my beloved, white birds on the foam of the sea!" and says of it:

> The lilt and romance of it get hold of us. Imagine it; the human!—and it can pretend it *wants* to sink down to the level of a bird! . . . The human, with its transcendent consciousness, its wide horizons; the white birds—a whiteness that is verminous, an easy life that is a perpetual struggle with starvation.

A man who can write like that of those anapests or of the same thought in the prose of the Psalter simply has no idea what poets do; he is reading a cryptogram whose surface meaning is nonsensical, and he does not even suspect that there is a key.

These blind spots in Mr. Britton's mind are of great importance, because they conspire with his perfectly justifiable bitterness to produce a distorted outlook. Any society in which a boy can live as Arthur Phelps lived is a rotten society; it ought to be denounced, as vividly as possible; for that alone, even if it were not for the extraordinary ideas he expounds, we should owe at least as much gratitude to Mr. Britton as to Herr Remarque. But Mr. Britton, from the very brilliance of his mind, attacks society in the wrong place. He is extremely intelligent; and he cannot believe that people in general are stupid. He has thoroughly grasped the scientific conception of the universe; and he cannot believe that a statesman with an ordinary good education is as much at a loss at the head of modern society as Prince Henry the Navigator in command of the Bremen—or the *Graf Zeppelin*. Above all, he has a particular view of life; and he cannot believe that any one can sincerely hold the view of life professed by John Keats, or by, say, the Archbishop of Canterbury. Therefore, he deduces, the world is made up of thieves, and the poet and the parson are paid to tell their lies to make thieving easier.

Mr. Britton's conception of society, then, is like Mr. Upton Sinclair's, but if possible more extreme. Who is not with him is against him; the entire bourgeoisie is engaged in a gigantic conspiracy to keep down the proletariat, by all possible means, by teaching them the romantic view, for instance, but above all by keeping from them food and love, and so centering all their thoughts on love and hunger. The bishops make us wear clothes, he says, because a woman is more appetizing clothed than naked, and so men who see her will have their minds more strongly distracted from social reform.

Where Mr. Britton's bias does not lead him astray, his ideas are arresting and often profound, and they appear in the book with the prodigality of a wealthy mind. He says of education, for one instance, that children ought to be given the general idea first, instead of spending years over the details that it governs; this is perfectly true, though he is wrong in attributing the present method to malicious obscurantism. Or again, no one can fail to be impressed, not only by his grasp of scientific theory, but by his power of correlating and illuminating it, as when he mentions the fact that the water in a wave does not advance, and then says that just so we eat every day but do not increase in size; "We subsist in the stream of food."

This ever-present consciousness of man in the scientist's universe leads him to his most important theory, the necessity of an oversoul. The human soul "is fundamentally an energy surplus which arises out of energy association," the associations, that is, of the cells in our bodies. Similarly, he holds, the association of humans in society, if only they would cooperate instead of competing, would give rise to a soul which should be to man as man to the cell. And only by this absolutely selfless coöperation can man progress. "The individualist," he says, "is a cancer cell." This theory is set forth with great eloquence, and backed with a very wide scientific knowledge, but it will hardly stand analysis. It is I think based on a false analogy to begin with; human personality we know as a fact; a Lamarckian will in the cell, or an oversoul in society, we know only as an hypothesis. But more important, it seems to me that this analogy would, like the Calvinist analogy of God and the potter, certainly lead to cruelty in practice, for it would serve far better than romanticism or religion to drug the proletariat. The Arthur Phelpses of that régime would simply be told that they were inferior cells, whose business was to do as the brain-cells told them, or be amputated as cancerous for the good of the whole. Indeed, this would reestablish the Divine Right of Kings in a much stronger form. At present, even rich people do feel some sense of responsibility to the poor; already the public libraries and public baths are open longer than when Arthur Phelps was a boy. But let the governors believe that they were the brain-cells, and, just as the brain says "*L'homme, c'est moi,*" they would say "*L'état, c'est moi*" with a clear conscience.

This is, with all its errors, an amazing piece of work, as I hope I have made clear, and one well worth reading. Its mistakes and prejudices are those of a man who has tried all his life to serve society, and whom society would allow only to do useless jobs at starvation wages, if he asked for those jobs as a beggar. One can see the bias that has resulted, but one cannot see how he managed to learn so much, to keep his mind so vigorous, to preserve his belief that mankind was worth saving. That society wantonly warped such a mind is the one overwhelming count in his indictment.

# Of the Race of Story-Tellers

MORNING TIDE. By NEIL M. GUNN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD EHRLICH

IN this day of so much darkly brutal writing by our younger craftsmen—envenomed and cast over with hopelessness—it is a heartwarming thing to come upon a "Morning Tide." Here is a novel that dares to utter affirmations; of valor and tenderness and the dignity of life; all as if these still existed in the world. And it is no mere milk-and-water kind of book. I venture to say that not since the creation of young Paul Morel in "Sons and Lovers" has there been a more truly passionate treatment of the boy years, or one so glowing and vibrant with sensuous life.

It is the simple story of a lad in a Scotch fishing-village; Hugh, son of MacBeth. (What rich salty names these are, they give the very savor of the work: Rid Jock, Dugald, mad Margat, Hector the piper, Jumak, Donald Campbell from Seabrae, Peter Crock, Navook the pig-killer). Now at dusk the boy goes slithering in the cold sea-tangle off the shore, gathering mussels for his father's bait, "with the tide at low ebb . . . and quiet except for a restless seeking among the dark bowlders"; now he fights a roving band of boys, is stoned, learns the cruelty of the pack, and stumbles homeward with bleeding nose and a cold, secret pride; or this time he explores the clammy passages of a ruined stone house and understands further the terror of aloneness; or again on a moon-filled night he is on a poaching expedition, fading along, aquiver with joy, through the still gleaming forest. Readers, watching Hugh go his way through these experiences, watching the tangle of motives and prides and bewilderments, will get a sense of recognition; he is your own young brother, or some lad you know, or perhaps yourself a time ago; so real and divining is the perception.

But Mr. Gunn does not rest with a mere prototype. Hugh is a full characterization, an uncommon boy, quick and impressionable, with hot loyalties, and a beautiful bitter depth to him. His growth, his dawning soul, are suggested always in terms of his relationships; again and again he catches a sight of "the pale glimmer that is the ghostly face of grown life"; when MacBeth is imperilled out in the sea-storm, or Kirsty the sister is beheld in a glade with golden Charlie Chisholm, all wild and lost in passion, or the mother is wasting toward death. These intimations rise and sink incalculably in his consciousness, and often the effect is as if the boy were moving in a dream of unquiet and dark richness.

The storm scenes are tremendous, with the men in small boats fighting the howling, lashing seas, and the old women keening on the dark shore. The whole of it has an eerie, Celtic quality. But it is an indication of Mr. Gunn's range that one can still say, after such magnificent writing, that his greatest strength lies in the quiet moments. These give the heart warmth of which I have spoken, the sense of life's dignity:

> Hugh's mother . . . sat with her hands on her lap, her full body upright, her head bowed. . . . She could get up and lift a boiling kettle from the fire while her husband was saying grace without destroying the moment's harmony, as if wisdom dwelt also in her movements. . . .

> The mother passed the cups of tea. She had the natural air of dispensing life's mercies. Her movements were soothing and sufficient. She was the starting point of a circle that finished in her. Within that circle were their faces and their thoughts and their hands. The paraffin lamp . . . shone down on them its soft light.

No evalution of Mr. Gunn's work can be adequate without a word upon his prose. It is a perfect instrument for the expression of his homely yet poetical substance. Now it is gnarled, salty, true to the fibre of these doughty Scots; sometimes it goes lean and swift as a young sailor; often, because Mr. Gunn's people believe in a living God, bulwark against the demonic forces loose in the world, his utterance flows like a Biblical lyric, pleading to be read aloud.

Somewhere the author says of Kirsty: "And there was something, finally, in Kirsty that was like story-telling in a saga. At great moments it came into her voice. Her love had to be for someone or something outside herself. Her love . . . had the simple, awful note of the great hero-stories." Well, there is something, finally, in Mr. Gunn's manner of telling that is saga-like. For he is of the beautiful ancient race of story-tellers, the race of Walter Scott and Stevenson.

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## *The* BOWLING GREEN

# The Red and White Girdle

### I. HUISSIER AND HUSSY

A VERY select Crime Club is that which once a year or so revisits the pages of Bataille: *Causes Criminelles et Mondaines*. Most of M. Bataille's "causes" are too strong or too frolicsome for our anæmic Anglo-Saxon tastes; a little vanishing cream has to be applied in transcribing them for English print. But what a reporter he was! A friend whose tastes are both mature and macabre tells me he is going to begin to study French. What a textbook I could compile for him out of judiciously selected Bataille! What a Beginners' French Class that might be: to meet once a week for an evening's reading, criminal and mundane.

There are reasons of my own, which will transpire presently, for an interest in a story which Bataille narrated in his volume for 1890. He calls it L'Affaire Gouffé. Gouffé was one of those mysterious French functionaries called a *huissier;* I have a notion, very likely wrong, that they are the people you see in the neighborhood of the Paris Bourse wearing cocked hats. I suppose bailiff is a fair translation, or sheriff's officer, or collector. My own private title for the story is The Huissier and the Hussy; but that gives it too light-hearted a flavor. The crime was brutal and shabby. M. Bataille, connoisseur of all shades and nuances of evildoing, is rather condescending toward it. He says it lacks ardent passion and mystery; it was "only a brutal assassination." True it gives us little to sentimentalize; but it has valuable elements of horror and disgust. I soften the tale here and there; but, as I have warned you before, in studying Bataille you are not catering to tender tastes.

* * *

M. Toussaint-Augustin Gouffé, the respectable bailiff of the rue Montmartre, closed his office on a summer afternon (it was half past six on the 26th of July, 1889) and set off for dinner in excellent humor. In a cardboard folder behind the ledgers in his safe he had carefully put away 14,000 francs in bills; that is to say, in the exchanges of that era, about $2800. Usually, when there were large funds on hand, he took them home with him for safety; he had the typical middle-class Frenchman's preference for keeping money close to his person. But this happened to be a Friday, and Friday was Gouffé's Night Out. He had a private appointment for eight o'clock, one at which he thought it would be inadvisable to carry too much cash. Poor Gouffé, prudent in little and imprudent in much, his name chimes appropriately with a modern slang. As he goes round the corner to his favorite house of call, the Café Gutenberg on the Boulevard Poissonière, let us consider him a moment.

It is only a few steps from the Gutenberg to his home in the rue Rougemont; it would be wiser if he were there. Long a widower, his two grown-up daughters keep house for him and are careful to remove the soup-stains from his reputable frock coat. Apparently he leads the orderly life expected of a responsible official who handles large sums of other people's money. He returns home regularly for lunch and dinner. But beneath these methodical appearances, Bataille remarks, he dissimulates an existence of agitation. Particularly he has two habits without which this story would not have been written. Too often, after a petit verre at the Gutenberg, he frankly exhibits the large bundles of money he is carrying. And those Friday nights, his evenings of escapade, are not always innocent. Pathetic Gouffé: in the dull and busy life of a minor functioneer he is aware of the twinge of irredeemable Time. He is prosperous in his small way; he has a gold watch, and a ring with two good diamonds in it. But he feels vaguely how much he has missed. There are other things in life besides a cocked hat and a portfolio full of Due and Payable. There are a lot of letters in his desk, afterward carefully destroyed by his brother-in-law, which show how he had tried to step-up the low voltage of romance in bailiffing. And when, on the leather settee at the Gutenberg, he replies to a petit commerçant's inquiry "How are collections?" to wave a bundle of banknotes gives him the flush of self-importance that all men need now and then. Especially on those bachelor Fridays he enjoys meeting chance convives. He has rather an eye for young women. There is one, a lively little blonde with an impudent tilt to her small nose, who has accepted a drink from him several times. She was introduced as Gabrielle Bompard, or possibly as Mlle Labordère, but he calls her La Petite. He usually sees her with a certain burly talkative Eyraud, a dark and rather forceful fellow, who seems to have travelled much and has ideas about all sorts of businesses. Eyraud is twice La Petite's age, and they both look a bit shabby; Gouffé has not yet seen Eyraud pay for a drink; but he can't help admiring the Parisian chic with which La Petite makes the most of her meagre wardrobe. In spite of her schoolgirl mien (she isn't much over 20) she has a free and startling tongue. Gouffé has even been rather pleasantly scandalized by some of her anecdotes of a Belgian convent-school from which she was expelled. Her father was an iron-merchant in Lille, but after her mother's death he had been infatuated by a governess. Gabrielle ran away to Paris to look for a job. She saw an advertisement of a business called Fribourg which needed a cashier. In that office she met Eyraud; she accepted him instead of the job. They had lately been on a business trip to London together, and kept Gouffé laughing at their account of the oddities of the English. Evidently La Petite hasn't inherited any cold iron in her own disposition, old Gouffé thinks. He was never more mistaken.

* * *

Such was the background of the bailiff's thought this evening as he strolled in the sunset of the boulevards. That very day at noon, as he was on his way home for lunch, he had met Gabrielle on the street. She seemed in some distress; told him she had left Eyraud, who was getting to be a bore. She had taken a little apartment of her own in the rue Tronson-Ducoudray, a tiny byway between the Madeleine and the Gare St. Lazare. This was Friday, Gouffé remembered, as he was admiring a mischief in her eye. Why shouldn't she take dinner with him? No, she couldn't do that, but she *would* like a chance to consult him about her problems; she would be at home at eight o'clock. I'll be there, he said. So now we see him, after an early dinner, strolling pleasantly and in sentimental anticipation, limping very slightly on his left heel as was his habit. The cocked hat of office (if huissiers wear cocked hats, I don't guarantee this) is laid aside for a new Panama, bought from a hatter who keeps careful measurements of all his steady customers. He has thriftily reckoned how much Gabrielle's problems are likely to cost him. In his pocket is a gold hundred-franc piece and a fifty-franc note. I can't help thinking that in his romantic mood he had mentally designated the gold piece for La Petite. He is wearing his tortoise shell pince-nez, he pauses in the quiet Place de la Madeleine, looks at his watch and strokes his glossy beard. It is a comfortable thought for a bailiff of fifty that a young *poule* (so he thinks of her) should find him so cheery. A few minutes after eight (let us not seem too eager) he is in the rue Tronson-Ducoudray. In the soft air of July the little street is lively, children playing, people chatting in doorways. Windows are open, everyone enjoying the summer dusk. Gouffé taps at a ground floor apartment at the rear of the house. La Petite opens.

"Tiens!" he says. "Tu as là un joli petit nid."

It is small indeed. Apparently there is only one room, and a curtained alcove for sleeping. But he is touched by her simple preparations for hospitality. On a table are champagne, cognac, and biscuits, also pen and ink. On the mantel, undoubtedly, some of the cheap novels of which she was always a constant reader. A comfortable chaise-longue is drawn up close to the curtain which modestly conceals her bedchamber. There is no other chair, but he rather likes her intuition that among friends one will serve. She's wearing a kimono with a pretty rope-girdle of twisted red and white silk.

"Will you have some wine?" she says.

"No, thanks, I've just had dinner. Come, sit down and tell me all about it."

He takes the chaise-longue, and with the prettiest confidence she occupies his lap. How small and slender she is. And what an attractive kimono. He admires the heavy silk girdle.

"C'est gentil," he says.

'N'est-ce pas?" She slips it off and laughingly puts it round his neck. "Comme ça te ferait une belle cravate."

* * *

The following afternoon the servants of the Hotel de Toulouse at Lyon were distressed by a trunk that had to be carried upstairs, so heavy that it took three to handle it. But the couple to whom it belonged insisted on having it in their bedroom. When the porter grumbled at the weight, Monsieur explained that it contained samples of cloth. It was a new trunk but had evidently been reinforced for greater strength. The visitors slept soundly that night with their baggage close to the bed. But the next morning, Sunday, the young woman was grieved to see small moistures oozing from the trunk. As a reader of melodramatic fiction it is odd to think that on a recent visit to London she may well have seen on the bookstalls a copy of the then popular *New Arabian Nights* in which the young American, left alone with a similar piece of luggage, "nosed all the cracks with the most passionate attention." She wiped the box carefully with her handkerchief, and remarked to her companion that something must be done; particularly in this hot weather.

It was Sunday, the day for excursions. What more natural than to hire a carriage and go for a drive in the country? True, it seemed a little eccentric to take the samples of cloth with them, but Monsieur explained that they were looking for villégiature and would not return to the hotel. He obtained a rig from a livery stable, the trunk was hoisted in, not without further comment from the porter. Monsieur was a hardy fellow, but he was perspiring with nervousness when they finally drove off. When he wiped his forehead he discovered he was wearing a hat which did not belong to him. "Bêtise!" he exclaimed, "I must have left mine at the rue Tronson-Ducoudray." Mistakes like that are bad for the neck.

* * *

I do not know the neighborhood of Lyon, but there must be some beautiful drives along the Rhone, and in July 1889 they were not crowded with motor cars. On a wooded hillside near the village of Millery the excursionists halted and took a good look round. They opened the trunk, and with some difficulty dumped out a sinister-looking sack. They dropped the key of the trunk in the road, but they had matters more urgent to think of. They rolled the stiffened bundle down the steep embankment, and were even somewhat gruesomely amused to see how it somersaulted over a bump. Probably they hoped it would fall into the river, but it caught in some bushes far down the slope. But they were so relieved to get rid of it on any terms that they drove on encouraged. Behind some brambles a few miles farther on the trunk was thrown into a ditch. In the village of Saint-Genis-Laval a "débitante" (which our Beginners' French Class must not confuse with a débutante) served them some refreshments. Long afterward she still remembered the cheerful spirits of the pair. However, they seem to have still felt the need of some purgation. The record is not explicit, but Bataille tells us that they now made an excursion "to a place of pilgrimage." On the first of August they were in Marseilles, where they dropped some clothes and shoes into the water.

Marseilles was evidently a strategic place to be. Monsieur had there both a brother and a brother-in-law. There is no record as to these kinsmen's comments when the visitor and his young woman arrived. The trip may have been explained as a vacation jaunt, but the care with which Monsieur read the newspapers may have caused comment. At any rate, the travellers managed to borrow some money. Monsieur got 500 francs from his brother, and it is surely a tribute to the girl's personality that she cajoled 2000 francs from the brother-in-law. These increments were celebrated by taking to a jeweler a ring with two diamonds; she had the stones mounted in a pair of handsome ear-pendants.

It seems that they had long had a hankering for what the French love to call the New World. Monsieur had told his amie lively stories of adventures in Mexico and the Argentine. Now events happened that stimulated that desire. On August 13th a laborer working on the embankment near Millery was attracted—or rather repelled—by an unpleasant whiff in the warm noonday air. Exploring, he discovered a grisly sack. The contents were past recognition, and further deteriorated by the careless use of a pitchfork with which he removed the covering. He was too agitated to remember, afterward, whether the remains had lain in the sack head-down or head-up; a point very important to the lawyers later on, though irrelevant to the unfortunate contents. And on August 15th the trunk was found.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

(*To be continued*)

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# BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

## Women of France

THE MOON MISTRESS, DIANE DE POITIERS. By JEHANNE D'ORLIAC. Translated by F. M. ATKINSON. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1930. $3.50.

ARDENT ADRIENNE, The Life of Madame de La Fayette. By LIDA ROSE MCCABE. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1930.

JOSEPHINE, THE PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN. By R. MACNAIR WILSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by FRANK MALOY ANDERSON
Dartmouth College

ATTENTION has often been called to the fact that women played a large part in the history of France in the sixteenth to eighteenth centuries. Catherine de' Medici, Diane de Poitiers, Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Pompadour, and others influenced the life of their day and the course of events in a way that was scarcely parallelled elsewhere. It is then not surprising that in the flood of biographical books coming from the press there should be a good many dealing with French women.

The group of books under review deals with three remarkably interesting French women—Diane de Poitiers, Adrienne de Noailles Lafayette, and the Empress Josephine. Each of them had a strongly marked character and played a nearly unique role in French history.

Diane de Poitiers was the mistress of Henry II. In sixteenth century France there was nothing particularly surprising about the beginning of the liaison between Diane and Henry, though he was still in his teens and she was nearly twenty years his senior. He was the second son of Francis I and neglected, while she was a widow of high rank at court and of surpassing beauty. The singular thing was that Diane's influence over Henry lasted until his death about twenty years later. Their relations were never concealed but were openly and even ostentatiously proclaimed. Every reader will discover almost at the beginning that Mlle d'Orliac's life of Diane is unusual. Ordinarily a life of a king's mistress is an exposé or an apology. This one is a glorification of Diane and her ascendancy over Henry II. Nearly all of the charges usually brought against Diane are dismissed as "Protestant slanders." Much of the book is in the form of a chronicle taken verbatim or in close paraphrase from contemporaneous documents. Mlle d'Orliac does not seem to have noticed that some of the facts thus recorded constitute as severe a condemnation of Diane as anything charged against her by her enemies.

Adrienne de Noailles belonged by birth to a family of ancient lineage, highest rank, and largest wealth. The family residence in Paris was among the most sumptuous of the day. Her marriage to Lafayette, heir to high rank and enormous wealth, was in keeping with her position in the brilliant society of Paris and Versailles. But the qualities which made her life memorable were not those ordinarily associated with the class to which she belonged. Intense devotion to her husband, her children, and her religion gave her career unusual interest. Many of the women with whom she was associated in early life had to taste the bitter dregs of misfortune, but few of those who suffered and survived had a more poignant experience than Madame Lafayette. In the early years of her married life she saw little of her husband, owing to his absence in America; during the earlier stages of the French Revolution she zealously aided him in his valiant but often bungling attempt to play the rôle of aristocratic champion of a moderate revolution; when the failure of his effort drove him into exile it brought upon her a long period in prison as a suspect during the Reign of Terror; after her release she insisted upon joining him in the close and harsh imprisonment he was undergoing at Olmütz. American readers will recognize that this life of Madame Lafayette is particularly addressed to them. They may not so readily perceive that it exhibits the usual failure of American books in dealing with Lafayette's share in the French Revolution, in that it fails to discover how inept a part he played.

The strength of the book comes from the author's enthusiasm in behalf of her heroine. Its chief weakness lies in the uncritical use which the author has made of the life of Madame Lafayette by her daughter. As a filial tribute the daughter's account calls for admiration, but as an historical document it should be used only with great caution. There has also been a liberal and only partly acknowledged use of Mrs. Crawford's life of Madame Lafayette published in 1908.

The life of the Empress Josephine was even more amazing than that of her imperial husband. His career can be explained, for the world has often seen military genius rewarded by the bestowal of enormous power. But Josephine had only one surpassing quality. She had that indefinable something called charm. To that quality must be attributed the hold she acquired over Napoleon Bonaparte at first acquaintance and maintained for many years. It was strong enough to procure his forgiveness for her admitted lack of fidelity to him during the early years of their married life. It may also account for his patience with her boundless extravagance and her constant resort to tears. Even after he divorced her for reasons of state Napoleon still remained under the spell of Josephine's charm.

Nearly all of Josephine's numerous biographers have been either foes or champions. Dr. Wilson belongs to neither category. For him she is neither a deeply wronged woman nor Napoleon's evil genius. He attempts and on the whole succeeds in steering a middle course between the extremes of adulation and dislike. In the main he sticks closely to the personal career of Josephine, giving but little attention to the history of the time in which she lived. When he ventures afield the results are likely to be unfortunate. His account of the French Revolution prior to and during the Reign of Terror is full of errors.

None of these books can be described as scholarly and authoritative. In style and substance all three belong to the class commonly called the "new biography." The writers are more intent upon literary success than upon the highest attainable degree of accuracy. In a longer review it would be possible to point out numerous defects from the standpoint of history. It is probable, nevertheless, that most of those who read the books will carry away general impressions about the three women whose lives are told that are not far from correct. This result may be expected because the faults of the books lie largely upon the surface and can be readily detected by discriminating readers.

## For Those Who Work

YOU AND YOUR JOB. By JAMES JOHN DAVIS and JOHN CALVIN WRIGHT. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 1930.

Reviewed by HOWARD L. DAVIS

A YOUNG worker in industry, after reading "You and Your Job," expressed his reaction in these two sentences: "This book is to the worker somewhat as a love story is to a lover. It tells him a great deal to inspire him and lets him use his imagination and reason to work out ways of getting results."

This is a comprehensive summation.

The reader finds a philosophic and economic dissertation in which his interest continues to grow as he reads on. He can open the book at almost any page and find some homely truth. And it grows upon one, all this homely philosophy in its different dress.

The book is written as a series of conversations in which the authors question and answer each other in clear, direct, and simple language. Thus, each is led to describe much of the work of his own department of the Federal Government, with most stress upon the aims of the Board of Vocational Education. One result is a good boost for vocational training. A good deal of space is devoted to the aims, purposes, and hopes of those who are striving for its extension.

Much space is devoted to the philosophy of hard work; the what to do, but very little to the how to find what is best to do.

The worker who reads will be stimulated to more comprehensive thinking, to a better understanding of the justification for the present economic status of large industries and for this machine era. But there is practically nothing to guide his awakened desire for self-development and his individual progress. It tells him truly that it is vitally important to find a job for which he is fitted; that if he does not find that job, some other job will find him and he may be condemned always to be a "square peg in a round hole." But there is no indication of how he can determine for himself what that job should be. Nor is there anything to guide the educator to determine what men should be given vocational training and what training would be best in an individual case.

However, "You and Your Job" has its message for all those who work and would understand many of the basic principles which have considerable influence upon our present-day conditions. It is worth while for what it is, and we can look elsewhere for those things which it lacks.

## Six Million Farmers

TOO MANY FARMERS. By WHEELER MCMILLEN. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1930. $2.

SMALL TOWNS: AN ESTIMATE OF THEIR TRADE AND CULTURE. By WALTER BURR. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1930. $2.50.

COMMUNITY LEADERSHIP. By WALTER BURR. New York: Prentice Hall, Inc. 1930. $2.50.

AGRICULTURAL PRICES. By FREDERICK LUNDY THOMSEN. Columbia, Mo.: Stephens Publishing Company. 1930. $2.50.

AGRICULTURAL COOPERATION IN ENGLAND. A survey by the HORACE PLUNKETT FOUNDATION. London: G. Routledge & Sons, Ltd. 1930.

DIE AGRARISCHEN UMWÄLZUNGEN IM AUSSERRUSSISCHEN OSTEUROPA. Edited by MAX SERING. Berlin: Walter de Gruyter. 1930.

THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE: ITS GROWTH, STRUCTURE, AND FUNCTIONS. By MILTON S. EISENHOWER and A. P. CHEW. Washington, D. C.: Government Printing Office. 1930. 25 cents.

Reviewed by NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

"THERE aren't that many people in the world capable of managing their own affairs," Mr. McMillen quotes a foreign visitor as remarking when told there were more than six million independent farmers in the United States.

Of course there aren't. But what are you going to do about it? Current writers on agricultural problems in this country and Europe make various suggestions. To begin with, there are, as Mr. McMillen adequately points out, too many farmers. This is true in certain other countries as well as here. Even if they were all good farmers, it wouldn't help matters. In fact, it might make them worse, because these farmers would produce more than could possibly be used, the capacity of the human stomach being strictly limited. Mr. McMillen thinks a great many non-food uses may be devised for farm products, but that is a slow and doubtful process.

His other ideas are considerably more practicable. He would have the government stop irrigating unnecessary land and overextending technical agricultural education. He would carry on a more vigorous war against plant disease and insects. He has a good word for corporation farming, group farming, and coöperative marketing. Yet he lacks a clear-cut program; his book is little more than a mixture of newspaper feature articles and somewhat lengthy editorials. It is stimulating but inconclusive.

The same thing may be said of the two books by Professor Burr. Their titles are somewhat misleading, for both deal with the open country, treating the local community simply in relation to the surrounding agriculture. "Community Leadership" is a series of what might be called "pep talks," intended for leaders of rural groups. "Small Towns" is a discussion of business, religion, education, and other enterprises in agricultural communities. Curiously, the author disregards the part played by the press in such places, nothwithstanding his fondness for such gaudy editorial generalities as "coöperation is the watchword of the new age" and "the community movement is a religion."

Books like these are useful in keeping people interested in agriculture, which is certain for a long time to present a series of important problems. It is less likely to be solved, however, by general discussions than by patient basic research in economics and other fields. For instance, Professor Thomsen's pioneer treatment of quantitative price analysis in agriculture makes a definite contribution. Likewise, the detailed survey of the successes and failures of English agricultural coöperation over a period of sixty years contains much material that is applicable to conditions in the United States. Dr. Sering's book on agrarian reform, which includes articles by authorities on the situation in twelve eastern European countries, points out effectively the errors that may easily be made by governments in sincere but grandiose schemes for agricultural betterment.

In the United States, of course, numerous political measures have been tried in agriculture, but the research carried on by the federal Department of Agriculture is of much more permanent value. The work of the department is objectively summed up in 150 pages by Messrs. Eisenhower and Chew. Their little volume should be on the desk of every editor and everyone else concerned with agricultural or governmental problems.

## Sea Mules

WINDJAMMER. By KEN ATTIWILL. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by CAPTAIN FELIX RIESENBERG

IN the good old days there was a saying that ships were managed by main strength and stupidity, the phrase referring entirely to the man power required to manipulate the spars and sails. It was an unfair phrase for while strength has always been necessary in fisting ropes and canvas, stupidity was only true in so far as men were fools enough to go to sea on sailing craft. Here and there, on every voyage, a few land lubbers are driven to labor and suffer and complain. Ken Attiwill may be the ultimate voice of these embittered victims. Given good food and plenty of it, Ken Attiwill's story of a fast passage from Melbourne to Queenstown on the Finnish four-masted bark *Archibald Russell*, would make thin reading. As it is, he damns the sea and depicts the horrible, his main complaint being the "food that stinks from here to hell."

Steamers won't go without fuel, but men can be made to work, after a fashion, fed with foul slops unfit for the sustenance of pigs. If Attiwill has done anything toward a return to decency on the few sailers left, then he has done much, besides writing one of the most vivid yarns of the sea.

Windjammer is the competent record of an able writer, not well versed in the language of the sea. They sight a bark. "'How on earth can you tell it is the *Penang* at this distance?' I asked curiously. 'You can't even see her hulk.'"

Then as they pass her, not a hulk, but a hull with masts standing and canvas drawing, he writes:

> An inspiring picture on the horizon, sails agleam and almost golden in that bright patch of sunlight, masts bending under the weight of wind filled canvas. A curse forever, but still a thing of beauty! If the vanishing race or square riggers could but pause there like that for all to see her distanst beauty—always in the path of the setting sun—we would never have to look back on them bitterly, with the bitterness of disappointment and disillusionment.

Captain David Bone has written a preface to Mr. Attiwill's book. He says: "This author makes me think it all over and decide that every line of this book is true to life, the experiences of a landsman set to hard labor aboard a square-rigged sailing ship on an ocean voyage in 1929."

I agree with Captain Bone, and I recommend it to all. Instead of shipping on a Finnish bark, just read about it.

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*Just published*

**AMERICAN HUMOR**

A STUDY OF THE NATIONAL CHARACTER

*by*

**CONSTANCE ROURKE**

*Author of* TRUMPETS OF JUBILEE, *and* TROUPERS OF THE GOLD COAST

Constance Rourke has delved into comic almanacs, ancient jokebooks, the notes of English travelers, the scripts of old plays and burlesques, myths, legends and "tall stories" to tell the story of American humor since the Revolution. The figure of Uncle Sam, in white bell-crowned hat, red and white striped trousers and the "long-tailed blue" is only one of the fabled figures she traces. Others are Sam Patch who jumped up Niagara Falls, Mike Fink who held a bear under water until it drowned, Davey Crockett who wrung the tail of a comet, Jack Downing who was the Yankee oracle, Sam Slick who boasted of himself as one of a "tarnation cute race that don't do things like you Britishers." Closely related to these myths and the temperament that made them popular is the work of the first great American writers — Emerson, Poe, Hawthorne, Melville, Whitman. Finally, humor in America has outlined enduring attitudes of mind and feeling. It has, in fact, produced a tradition to which belong the foremost literary figures of the present as well as the past, and which is, Miss Rourke believes, the great American tradition.

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# Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE most interesting recent book of poetry that has come to our attention is Mark Van Doren's *Jonathan Gentry* (Albert & Charles Boni), but another has been delegated to appraise this volume. We shall therefore not review it here. We will only say that it takes for the material of its narrative the American scene both past and present, a field that still offers vast resources to the American poet.

Kahlil Gibran, born in Mount Lebanon, is a Syrian who has written much in Arabic. He came early to America but went to Paris to study art. About fifteen years ago, after his return to America, he started writing in English. His poetic books, illustrated with his own drawings, numbering four, to which the volume now before us adds a fifth, "The Prophet," "The Forerunner," "The Madman," and "Sand and Foam," served to establish Mr. Gibran's reputation as a poet writing in English. *The Earth Gods* is in his accustomed vein. Beside these books Mr. Alfred Knopf, his publisher, has also issued a volume of twenty of his drawings. Rodin, no less, pronounced him "the William Blake of the twentieth century."

*The Earth Gods* is concerned with a conversation between "the three earth-born gods, the Master Titans of life," who speak to each other, upon the accomplishment of "the twelfth æon," concerning Mankind. The twelve illustrations to the book, some in color, are cloudily symbolical. The Third God evinces the chief interest in "love, human and frail," as he observes it in a young man singing upon the earth and a young woman dancing. The two other demiurges would rise above their "earthbound mortality." The winning argument, so far as the poet is concerned, seems to reside in this declaration of the Third God, toward the end of the poem:

*What would your armies of reasoning*
*Where love encamps his host?*
*They who are conquered by love,*
*And upon whose bodies love's chariot ran*
*From sea to mountain*
*And aagin from mountain to the sea,*
*Stand even now in a shy half-embrace.*
*Petal unto petal they breathe the sacred perfume,*
*Soul to soul they find the soul of life,*
*And upon their eyelids lies a prayer*
*Unto you and unto me.*
*Love is a night bent down to a bower anointed,*
*A sky turned meadow, and all the stars to fireflies.*
*True it is, we are the beyond,*
*And we are the most high.*
*But love is beyond our questioning,*
*And love outsoars our song.*

This quotation also gives a fair idea of Mr. Gibran's rhythm and rhetoric. Frankly, we do not find either of remarkable force, although the incidental beauties of his verse are obvious. Such gods as have been evoked in the poetic prose of Lord Dunsany, for instance, have more definite outline and arouse more definite emotion in the Western mind. And the value of human love in a blind cosmos has long been celebrated by many poets. It is, in fact, one of the major themes of poetry, but it does not seem to us that in this particular work much is added to what has already been said. Also Mr. Gibran's phrase suffers by comparison with the mighty language which the largeness of his conception challenges. We mean such mighty language as that of the Bible and of Milton. So thoroughly is the Western world acquainted with the Christian idea of the Godhead and his universe and with the definitely organized hierarchies of elder days, such as the Greek and Roman, that the vaguely cosmic vision here presented does not take firm hold upon the mind. At the very beginning the poet speaks of "the twelfth æan," which immediately, in the Western mind, arouses unsatisfied inquiry. A graphic quality which might have supplied the poem with greater interest is lacking, though the poet is essentially a graphic artist. For this reason his drawings that illustrate his writing are actually the most interesting part of the book. They bear a trace of Rodin's sculptural method. Yet in most cases they seem to exist in and for themselves rather than as accompaniments of the text. The relationship can be traced, but it is not striking.

We must confess, however, in justice to Mr. Gibran, and in explanation of our own prejudices, that the poetry, for instance, of Sir Rabindranath Tagore has never made any especial appeal to us. We are convinced that the Near-Eastern, or Far-Eastern, poet writing in English, inevitably loses a rhythm, a color, a flavor from his work that inheres in the use of his own language. Certain philosophical conceptions are also—it goes without saying—of more profound significance to the Eastern than to the Western mind. Translated to us in our own language, they lose circumstance. Which is not in the least to say that Mr. Gibran does not write English with distinction.

We descend immediately from the supermundane when we encounter Mr. Robert C. Brown's *Nomadness*, just published by Dodd, Mead & Company. Mr. Brown's title is not set forth to affirm his sanity. Its root-word is "Nomad," and his poems comprise a sort of Cook's tour of the world. In fact, just prior to his Table of Contents there is an index of "Stops" made in the course of the volume. They range from Algiers and Amsterdam to Xochomilco and Yucatan. We wonder whether the author is the same Robert Carlton Brown once among Alfred Kreymborg's group of *Others* in the days of the poetic renaissance in America. However that may be, he has travelled considerably and sets down some one hundred and seventy pages of notebook impressions. They are really these, rather than poetry, though they are printed as free verse. It is a staccato free verse without the slightest rhythm that we can discover. We made what was perhaps the mistake of reading the whole book through at a sitting, and we were sometimes considerably bored. Once and again, however, when Mr. Brown likes things to drink and to eat, dislikes Englishmen, or is horribly fascinated at a bullfight, he can make his words exceptionally vivid. He also does extract especial atmosphere and characteristics from particular places with an extortionate eye. We objected violently when, in the first nine lines of "Hands across the Tea," he flourishes two now ancient witticisms (good in their time, but long familiar to all), viz.: "rulers of the wave and waivers of the rules" and "ask them for bread and they give you a scone." Mr. Brown is not a wit. He is a pleasantly acrid commentator who does not create deathless lines and, indeed, sometimes proses quite blatantly, but for all that can, on occasion, be strikingly descriptive. He is given to alliteration at times in a somewhat tiresome word-play, such as

triste *trysting place of*
*garbage-greedy sea-gulls*

although elsewhere he can manage succinct statement admirably. His Englishmen after dinner on the boat from Rio to Southampton, designated as "a cawing convention of claw-hammered crows," is certainly not bad. His "Naples" and his "Friday in Constantinople," together with "Optical Grand Opera: Spanish Bull Fight," will give you an idea of his variety and incisiveness. The book practically opens with a pleasant reminder that "Lest we forget! The World is Round and Very Wet." There follows a catalogue of the different kinds of drinks you can get in different countries. If the catalogue is not poetry, it would nevertheless be a good thing for every bartender around the world to have copied out and hung up in a prominent place, to encourage

(*Continued on page 701*)

*By the author of "Queed"*

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# A Letter from Dublin

By Mary Manning

As I write a gale is blowing. Dublin Bay is agitated. The waves are rolling over the sea walls at Merrion. Seagulls scream in suburban back gardens. They cover the lake in Stephen's Green with a cloud of white wings and flash of red beaks. Sou'easterly gale; dirty weather in the channel. What are the wild waves saying? Listen and hear . . . Gælic League calling—This is our representative Mr. J. P. McGinley speaking at a meeting of the Library Association of Ireland:—"If I had the powers of a dictator I would cast half the books into the sea. Nine-tenths of the books selected for the libraries represent the English mind, standards of taste, conduct, and morality. The talkies and radio are inimical to Irish education and must be destroyed or controlled as they are disseminating English and American ideals among the people." Toll for the Gælic League! Toll for McGinley and black kid gloves must be worn at the wake. He cannot stop the march of progress. No man can say to this generation—"Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." We must go on, over McGinley's body; though the censorship falls, though the Vatican thunders, though the Gæel screams "Back to Deirdre!" Young Ireland must fall into line with the modern world.

We are advancing. Mr. Denis Johnstone's expressionistic play "The Old Lady Says-No" has been revived at the Gate Theatre and his "Dublin Revue," with lyrics by the irrepressible Oliver St. John Gogarty is to be performed at Easter. Six thousand people paid to see the Russian films "Storm over Asia" and "The End of St. Petersburg." An Irish amateur film was shown in the Peacock Theatre last Autumn. Mr. Yeats's latest experiment in a new dramatic form—"The Writing on the Window-pane"—was produced at the Abbey Theatre. The Gate retaliated with "Back to Methuselah" in its entirety. The Abbey answered it with Mr. Lennox Robinson's modernized version of "The Critic," which allowed him a glorious opportunity for poking fun at the Dublin press, the Dublin critics, and the Dublin Intelligentsia. Mr. Sam Beckett, now assistant French lecturer in Trinity College, has written a study of Proust which is to be published in April. An ultra-modern bookshop has been opened in Winetavern Street.

We are advancing. The Board of Censors are indefatigable in their labors for the moral welfare of the Irish reader. *The New Leader* was banned recently because it published an advertisement for contraceptives. Novels by Aldous Huxley, Somerset Maugham, Liam O'Flaherty, and Sinclair Lewis are banned because:—"They are in their general tendency obscene." Remote books on birth control obtain free advertisement in the fierce light of public censorship. Marie Stopes, Margaret Sanger, and even Bertrand Russell have gone the way of all flesh, while Elinor Glyn, Ethel M. Dell, and Margaret Petersen are left to carry on the good work.

We are advancing. Revengeful and unforgiving is dark Rosaleen. The Mayo County Council backed up the local library committee in their refusal to sanction the appointment of Miss Dunbar Harrison, county librarian, on the grounds that she was a Protestant, a graduate of Trinity College, and not proficient in the Irish Language. The Ministry of Local Government gave the rebels a chance to reconsider their decision, but they steadfastly adhered to it, whereupon the Local Government Board dissolved the Mayo County Council, and appointed a commissioner to administer the affairs of the County. One of the Commissioner's first duties was to appoint Miss Harrison as county librarian, and on the twelfth of January last the intrepid lady departed to take up duty in Castlebar, where she received a grand old Irish welcome in the form of a general boycott! The Mayo County Council have undoubtedly been guilty of intolerable bigotry and medievalism. It is absurd to think that a woman who has proved her efficiency in fair examination should be barred from taking up a job on such irrelevant grounds. It is intolerable to think that the religion and politics of one section, should prevent those of another from working in their own country. But by the harp of Tom Moore it would have been well for the Government to have entered into negotiations before dissolving a council which had admittedly administered its affairs efficiently! A policy of blind impartiality without tact or discrimination is worse than useless—it is dangerous. County Mayo is still a hundred years behind the times. The peasants, oppressed and ill-treated for generations, are only now beginning to assert their individuality, and when one considers that their former oppressors were persons of Miss Harrison's religion and politics one can arrive at some understanding of their state of mind. Hatred of Protestantism, landlordism, and accompanying imperialism is ingrained in them. A hundred years of smouldering resentment is only now bursting into open flame. In that wild country where Irish is native spoken; where the religion is sternly Catholic, and the peasant mind only now beginning to falter into line with twentieth century standards, tolerance is only a word. It will take years of freedom and education to weed out the inbred bitterness of generations. But we are advancing.

And in the forefront of the battle comes Peader O'Donnell whose latest novel, "The Knife," has been published in America under the title "There Will be Fighting." I may say at once that O'Donnell, probably the greatest writer produced in Ireland within the last ten years, remains comparatively unknown amongst the Dublin intelligentsia, chiefly because he does not display his personality at "First Nights," Sunday "Evenings," and Bohemian cabarets, or flutter round the intellectual demigods. True, they read of his books in The Sunday *Observer* and other well-informed English reviews, but those who only discovered Joyce ten years after the rest of the world would hardly know anything of O'Donnell yet.

Peader O'Donnell has published four novels dealing with different aspects of peasant life and their reaction to the national struggle. "Storm," published about ten years ago, and now out of print, showed promise. The first few chapters describing a storm off the coast of Donegal were beautifully done, but otherwise it attracted little attention. In 1925 he ran up against O'Flaherty and showed him the MSS. of another novel. O'Flaherty read it, put in in an envelope, and sent it to his own publisher, Jonathan Cape, and shortly afterwards "Islanders" was published in England and acclaimed by the critics as a masterpiece of peasant life. Later it appeared in the United States under the title "The Way it Was with Them." In 1927, while he was in gaol, the news came through to him of the death from starvation of the entire Sullivan family in Adrigoole, Co. Cork, and his third novel, written in a fury of rage and pity, was the result. "Adrigoole" remains his finest achievement up to the present. Though his latest novel, "The Knife" marks a definite advance in technique, the propagandist has run away with the novelist. O'Donnell's best work is yet to come. He is only thirty-five, and though years of intense fighting, forty-one days hunger strike, and ceaseless revolutionary activities have left their mark on him physically, he is terrifically alive. His next novel is to be the last of a series, and then he will start work on a bigger idea—a history of Ireland from 1830, rather in the style of Kropotkin's "French Revolution."

At the moment O'Donnell is free. I mean he has not been in the hands of the police for the last twelve months, but one never knows . . . he lives in a perfectly respectable suburban quarter of Dublin. The number of Revolutionaries living in the red brick suburbs of this city are almost unbelievable. We are advancing. . . .

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"German architects," says a dispatch to the London *Observer*, "have been invited to send in plans for a memorial to Heinrich Heine, in Düsseldorf, his native city, now that the subscription lists have been closed. Heine lovers all over the world have responded to the appeal, which brought in just over £1,600. The sums have come in by driblets, but it seems that never was a poet so loved by his following, which is neither wealthy nor spectacular. The German Embassy in Moscow forwarded ten marks sent them by a German peasant working in Siberia."

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In search of material for a new book, Lady Dorothy Mills, author and traveller, is, according to a dispatch to the *Times*, planning a lone trip up the Orinoco for the purpose of studying the little known Indians in the jungles of the upper tributaries of the mighty river. Lady Mills was the first Englishwoman to visit Timbuctoo, and she travelled in Liberia in 1926. She has now gone to Caracas prior to making her way to Ciudad Bolivar, which will be her headquarters while she is studying the Indians of the Orinoco.


# savage messiah

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# Points of View

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Since my medical book, "Fads, Frauds, and Physicians," was published, dozens of physicians have written me in agreement, some saying I did not hit their profession hard enough. At the same time dozens of quacks and the devotees of quacks have written to tell me that I was in the pay of the American Medical Association or at least so much in sympathy with its "abominable errors," that my book was unfit to read. Leafing the 2000-page Senate document which records the Food and Drug Administration Hearing on the drug, ergot, held last summer, I find myself accused of assisting Dr. Morris Fishbein to write editorials for the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, of which he is the genial editor. To find him so markedly upset over my book is, to say the least, confusing. In it he makes no effort to refute the facts I assemble but resorts to casting slurs—a habit to which I dispassionately called attention in my book. Because Dr. Fishbein naturally would not like this book. The whole drive of its philosophy, its sociology, and its economics would find it necessarily in the opposition. The book is unanswerable because prominent physicians supply the material of which it is composed, not the writer. Finally, Dr. Fishbein is himself so frequently quoted in my book in evidence against the ethical standard of his own *Journal* that he would be annoyed, and for that annoyance I forgive him.

My book visualized a new medical era to come into being gradually, perhaps over a century or so, and to be based securely upon physical, natural, and enlightened social science. Dr. Fishbein is a reactionary who regards scientific progress with a jaundiced eye, whose economic doctrine is sound individualism, and whose duty to his guild overshadows his duty to the public. The British *Lancet*, a famous medical journal, reviewing Dr. Fishbein's recent book "An Hour of Health" had this to say: "The prevention of heart disease is dealt with vaguely, and contains no reference to the method of direct attack on the incipient disease which has given such encouraging results in this country where, incidentally, the view accepted by the author that chronic tonsillar sepsis is a prime factor in the etiology of juvenile rheumatism has not been substantiated. The last chapter, entitled Medicine in Our Changing World, sets out the author's own views on various medico-political questions of the day. From many of these the English reader will dissent. With the truism that 'the sick human being demands individualization' the counter-advantages of team-work in the alleviation of human ills are rather lightly dismissed. In this chapter Dr. Fishbein lets his fancy have free play, and if his approach is not strictly scientific, it is always interesting." This opinion by a medical expert can be found in V. ccxix, pg. 1079, issue of Nov. 15, 1930. There is little more for me to say except that my own approach is always as nearly strictly scientific as I can make it and I would, therefore, necessarily find myself in conflict with Dr. Fishbein, who has in this case maintained unusual good humor. That he confesses himself shockingly uninformed about the success of state medicine in other lands is not surprising. But I am unwilling really to believe that the ignorance affected here is other than simulated, for I know Dr. Fishbein to be alert mentally as well as an entertaining stylist.

T. SWANN HARDING.

Mt. Rainier, Md.

## Ella Young

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The open letter in the *Saturday Review of Literature* for March 14 is timely and I hope that this agitation in regard to the admission of Ella Young to the U. S. will bring the desired results.

There is one error in the letter, Longmans, Green & Co. and not the Macmillan Co., are her publishers here and in London. Her books with us are "Wonder-Smith and His Son" and "The Tangle-coated Horse." She is now at work for us on "The Unicorn With Silver Shoes"—delayed in publication this year because of her forced sojourn in Canada with attendant disturbance of mind.

Twice we were able to assist in an extension of her visa by pleading the great loss to American letters if she were not permitted in peace and quiet to complete work for which she is under contract with us.

This last year an extension of visa was refused—it seems too absurd, but we must face the truth, that the agitation against aliens in this country can affect such a person as Miss Young—this country needs her—and more of her type.

There is every evidence that the royalties on Ella Young's books will go on for a long time, increasing, of course, with each new title, and that alone guarantees that she will not become a public charge.

BERTHA L. GUNTERMAN, Editor.

## A Dickinson Bibliography

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The Jones Library bibliography of Emily Dickinson, published in Amherst on the hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth was not designed primarily for collectors and rare book dealers despite G. M. T.'s assertion in your Compleat Collector (January 10, 1931): "It seems strange that compilers of so many bibliographies are at times unable to realize that the public most interested in their work is made up of book collectors, of persons who expect to have the books described. . . ." On the contrary, this bibliography came in response to a continued demand by students of Emily Dickinson's life and work from a library which has specialized for several years in collecting material on Amherst authors. The compilation is in my opinion one of first importance for that study. Other libraries would do well to pattern themselves on this example, in the interests of American biography generally. Collectors and rare book dealers who will gladly pay $7.50 for a much less comprehensive list, if printed on rag paper, limited to a few hundred copies, ought not to begrudge the student this sixty-three page pamphlet which sells for seventy-five cents. Most of the edition went, as a matter of fact, to those wno need the information so laboriously collected for matters of further study. For that person who will write the account of Emily Dickinson's fame in the 'nineties and since, this is the only group of facts on which to base a judgment. The special merits of this bibliography are:

Professor George F. Whicher's Foreword.

Reproduction in facsimile of Emily Dickinson's poem, "Success."

Pictures of Emily Dickinson's two homes in Amherst, the picture of the Pleasant Street house, nowhere else obtainable, and here published for the first time.

Information about the many editions and total printings never before published.

The first complete and correct listing of poems set to music.

Masters theses and local history material in the possession of the library collected and listed.

Periodical and newspaper material not listed in periodical or any other indexes ("After all there is an excellent guide to periodical literature which may be consulted in most libraries, etc."—G. M. T., same review.) Articles in Dutch magazines; a Chicago newspaper (written in German); a variety of fugitive articles in German, French, Catholic magazines; "lost" magazines, such as *Godey's Magazine*, which contained an article by Rupert Hughes, written in the 'nineties, etc.

G. M. T. in a later number praises the bibliography prepared at Yale last December. But chiefly, it would seem, for the flowers on the cover. The title-page of this beautifully printed pamphlet carried an error, and the error is all the more serious because it occurs in brief lines taken from Emily Dickinson's poetry, put in conspicuous italics. Rare book dealers and collectors may not mind misquotations; readers do.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

South Hadley, Mass.

## A Bradford Bibliography

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I am at work on a bibliography of the books and contributed articles and poems of Gamaliel Bradford, and I shall be happy to receive communications from collectors of Gamaliel Bradford with whom I may exchange bibliographical data.

Any of your readers who may have letters or manuscripts of Mr. Bradford's and will loan them to me or who know of early contributed articles will place me much in their debt by their willingness to lend them to me.

JEWELL F. STEVENS.

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OPUS 7

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# The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

## Fiction

THE PATH OF THE KING. By JOHN BUCHAN. Houghton Mifflin. 1931. $2.50.

In this sequence of fourteen picturesque, episodic short stories John Buchan has endeavored to create a line of imagined forebears from whom, beginning with a ninth century Norse sea rover, in the succeeding ages Abraham Lincoln's ancestors might have been directly descended. Each one of the tales takes place within a glamorous historical setting, peopled by illustrious figures of the times — kings, knights, warriors, famous generals, courtiers, great leaders and adventurers, such as St. Louis, Joan of Arc, Columbus, Raleigh, Cromwell, Marlborough—and in each a prominent role is played by one of the fabulous Lincoln ancestors in deciding the crucial issue. The concluding stories bear the saga on through the new world period immediately preceding the Emancipator's birth, following his career through youth and the Civil War years to the final tragedy. Several of the tales assume in the reader a wider knowledge of general European history than is the average person's store, and these in consequence are likely to seem vaguely coherent and dubiously interesting to the inadequately informed.

THE INHERITOR. By E. F. BENSON. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $1.

The veteran author of "Dodo" (1893) keeps on writing novels. One appears nearly every year—with echoes of the cleverness that first brought him fame, something of that classical erudition which is part of the family tradition, with varying degrees of interest for a changed and changing audience.

His last is the fantastic tale of a curse that lay on an English family, the firstborn of which, in each generation, was destined to be a sort of monster. Not monstrous in externals, necessarily—Steven, in the book, is an attractive Cambridge undergraduate when the story opens—but socially monstrous; a half-savage soul put into a body centuries after its natural time.

Steven seems to be at heart a sort of Greek faun. He lies on the ground and wills it, and the squirrels come down from the trees and sit on his shoulder. Between himself and Tim, half-mad fellow who plays a pipe and dances in the woods near their family seat in Cornwall, there is a curious mystical bond.

"When I'm with Tim," Stevens explains to his friend, the Cambridge don,

**he dances on in front, and I pant after him,** but, oh, I breathe the real air. He remembers vividly in some subconscious way an existence of which I only have the faintest glimpse. I don't believe that he and I were ever mortal men before. But there are other intelligences besides men, presences and powers that used to haunt the woods. They haunt them still, they exist now just as much as they did when the Greeks built temples to Dionysus and carved friezes on which the fauns and dryads followed him. Christianity thought to destroy them but they aren't dead. You might as well set out to destroy seas and springs; only ridiculous Puritans like Milton and people whose spirits are blinded by civilization think they've perished. They're here and I know it, and their life is quickening in me day by day. I just sit by Tim as he dances and plays his pipe, and my heart sings because it's the hot hour of noon and I'm aware of the spirits of the woodland lying couched in the bushes, or because evening is coming on and they stir again. And they're not only around me, but in me.

There are some 300 pages, and much fine language, developing on this shopworn and rather sophomoric theme, until Steven and Tim lie down on the sands together and drink a decoction of henbane, while the gulls circle overhead and a ripple of salt water hisses up over the sand. It is all a sort of desiccated estheticism, frequently rather maudlin, and at the end, quite so.

## Juvenile

THE TALKING DOLLS. By G. R. MILLS and ZAIDA NELSON, in collaboration with ANNE STODDARD. Illustrated by TONY SARG. Greenberg. 1930. $3.

Tony Sarg's new book is in his usual fluent style—entertaining and competent drawing which usually keeps well on the side of simplicity and clarity. The story told in words seems to me excellent for small girls with dolls, who may not be able to read it, but who will have a good time hearing about Shirley and her two dolls who talked—when they were alone with their "mother." There is a pleasant mixture of laughs and tears, and everything comes out well in the end. Altogether a good book of its kind.

FIVE LITTLE KATCHINAS. By ELIZABETH WILLIS DE HUFF. Illustrated by FRED KABOTIE. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $1.75.

This is a simple but attractive book of Indian background, for children of about seven or eight, nicely written and made. Upon examination the Indian background is found to be a superficial one, for the story is concerned with the lively adventures and pranks of five little doll images while their young mistress is asleep, and the imaginative tale of their mischief and their escapes forms nearly all of the book. As far as it goes, however, it is well done; and the introductory first chapter, concerned with the little Indian family and its ways, has other values in addition, and draws an interesting picture. Just what the katchinas are, both in symbolism and in actuality, is made clear in the jacket notice, but only partially so in the text. If this information could have been further extended without destroying the tone in which the book is written, it would have been an advantage.

BRISTLES. By THEODOCIA WALTON BIRD. Illustrated by F. STROTHMANN. Little, Brown. 1930. $2.

TEDDY HORSE, The Story of a Runaway Pony. By ELEANOR YOUMANS. Illustrated by RUTH KING. Bobbs-Merrill. 1930.

The circus has its appeal for almost every child. From the parade to the big tent offerings, there is some one thing (or a thousand) that strikes a responsive chord in every boy and girl. (Not to mention the blasé adult who is forced to accompany the youngsters!) Next best is the circus story, since the shows are so far between. "Bristles" and "Teddy Horse" are circus stories, and instead of being about persons, they are primarily about animals. And two very special animals, in particular. Bristles, first named Joseph Leslie, was an adored—and adorable—wire-haired fox terrier. The kind that dog lovers love. Teddy Horse was a dear little Shetland pony who also had a mind of his own.

Both books are written in a direct, straightforward manner, comprehensible to even a young child. The ever popular conversational parts are interspersed abundantly throughout, and the action is lively. The children involved play only subsidiary roles, but they are real children, childlike as befits them. The artistry of these stories lies in their simplicity and in each author's knowledge of her subject. Each one is possessed of a deep understanding, and a power to interest her readers. Each shows herself to be a lover of nature—of human and animal life. As animal character studies, these two stories are exemplar. Bristles and Teddy Horse were endowed with that high type of intelligence which some persons are reluctant to concede to animals. Their ability to learn, their sympathy toward animal and man, their instinctive traits make them decidedly engrossing subjects. They are excellent prototypes of their kind. The illustrations add much to the character portrayal in their vividness and lifelikeness. In a word, the books should delight any child, and any adult who is yet blessed with childlike qualities.

## Travel

THROUGH THE CAUCASUS TO THE VOLGA. By FRIDTJOF NANSEN. Norton. 1931.

The last book written by the late Dr. Nansen, explorer, humanitarian, and because of his association with the League of Nations, a sort of citizen at large during the last few years of his life, is a pleasant account of his travels and investigations in the mountain country of the Caucasus, and in particular of his visit to the republic of Daghestan.

Samursky, President of the autonomous Soviet republic itself, and Korkmazov, representing the central government as a President-Commissar—the first a Lesghi from southern Daghestan, the other a Kumyk, from Kum-Tor-Kale, and a more or less Europeanized revolutionary of pre-war days —received Dr. Nansen with the hospitality characteristic of this still primitive region and gave him an inside glimpse of things which would have been impossible for the casual traveller.

Dr. Nansen reviews some of the history of the days when the mountain tribes of Daghestan were fighting desperately to keep out the pre-war Russian invaders and in par-

(*Continued on next page*)


**BOOKS THAT ARE TALKED ABOUT**

by **YOUNGHILL KANG**

## The Grass Roof

"The book is infused with a glowing intensity and color most unusual this side of the Thousand and One Nights. The description of village life has the enchantment of a lost paradise and the story of the author's student migrations more than suggests the picaresque adventures of a Huckleberry Finn. From intaglios of rural Korea the author turns to a bold panorama of Far Eastern experience, ranging from Seoul to Tokyo and Siberia."—JOHN CARTER in the *New York Times*.

$3.00

## Light-Horse Harry Lee

by Thomas Boyd

*author of "Mad Anthony Wayne," etc.*

A stirring biography of the gallant cavalry leader of the American Revolution, friend of Washington, legislator, father of Robert E. Lee, and creature of a strange destiny that clouded his later years. Mr. Boyd has done a striking picture of the man and a vivid re-creation of the early years of the republic. *Illustrated.* $3.50

## Puritan's Progress

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—GEORGE CURRIE in the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

$3.50

## Atlantic Circle

*Around the Ocean with the Winds and Tides*

by Leonard Outhwaite

The eventful yarn of the 14,000-mile cruise of a small schooner, through fair weather and foul, on broad seas and dangerous coasts: a tale that touches four continents, with delightful and frequently thrilling excursions into unfamiliar ports and places. Moreover, an invaluable book for the small-boat navigator.

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by **DAVID BURNHAM**

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—FANNY BUTCHER in the *Chicago Tribune*.

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## 25 Dark Horses

I've been looking over the Spring Announcement Number of the *Publishers' Weekly*," remarked P. E. G. Quercus, "and I see several Dark Horses the Trade might well keep an eye on. It is the custom of the Trade to allow the reviewers, or the public, to discover books for them; but the really circumspective bookseller, like Mr. Kroch in Chicago, prefers to do a little intuitioning for himself. On the Bulletin Board in my shop I've listed the following as Worth Watching. Very likely I've omitted some that should be mentioned (said wary old Quercus), but these, for one reason or another, struck me as quadrupeds of quality:

HIS MONKEY WIFE; IMAGINE A MAN IN A BOX; THE CALIPH OF BAGDAD; (*these are Appleton books*)
THE ORCHID; THE HYMN TUNE MYSTERY (*Bobbs-Merrill*)
JUAN IN AMERICA; SON OF WOMAN (*Cape and Smith*)
GREEN HELL (*Century*). 1066 AND ALL THAT (*Dutton*)
THE ONE-WAY RIDE; FATHER (*Doubleday*)
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LINCOLN STEFFENS; JUNGLE WAYS; AFTERTHOUGHTS (*Harcourt*)
OUT OF SOUNDINGS; FATAL INTERVIEW; PETER IBBETSON (*Harpers*)
MRS. FISCHER'S WAR; BODY, MIND AND SPIRIT (*Houghton Mifflin*)
DUMB-ANIMAL (*Lippincott*)
FOUND DROWNED (*Macmillan*)
LIFE AND TIMES OF LYDIA PINKHAM (*Putnam*)
PRE-WAR AMERICA (*Scribner*)
MEN OF ART; THE TIMID SOUL (*Simon and Schuster*)

Perhaps some of these can hardly be described as Dark Horses, but no bookseller is worth his Eno's Fruit Salt who has not made himself familiar with these titles. A really subfusc quadruped is that delightful book of Osbert Sitwell's, *Dumb-Animal*, which has had to be withdrawn in England because someone was offended by it. But how intelligently amusing it is, as full of satiric prickles as a chestnut burr. It comes from Lippincott, but looks to Quercus surprisingly like a Borzoi Book. . . .

☞ P. E. G. Quercus, the discriminating and disaffected Dane, never discloses the address of his bookshop to the curious; his royalties on the heirloom pastry business make it unnecessary for him to sell books except by inclination. His occasional comments and phobias are exclusive in the Saturday Review of Literature and cause many a healthful twinge. The S. R. L. accepts

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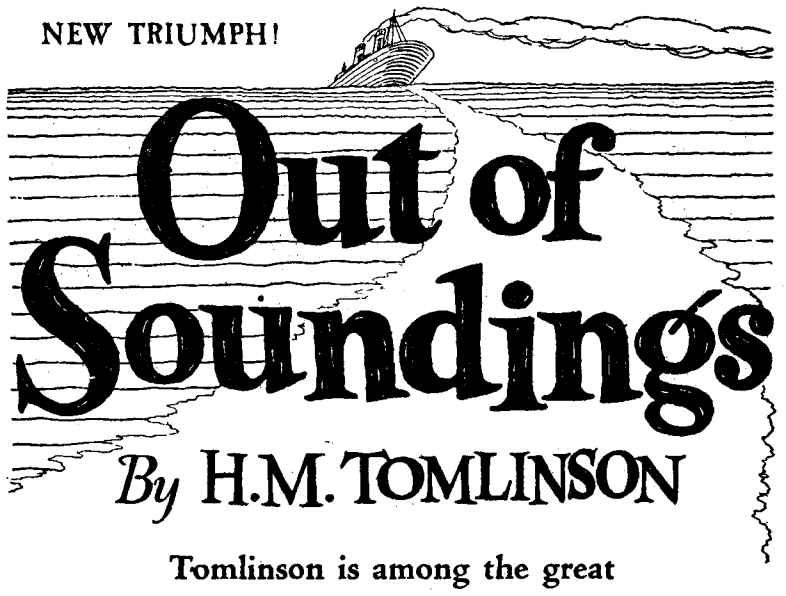


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**Quietness that is a delight**

"Tomlinson has become a commanding figure in English literature. No matter how passionate or exciting the subject matter, the manner of presentation has a quietness that is a delight in a world that otherwise has all the calm of a galumphing horse on a merry-go-round."—Chicago Tribune

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HARPERS


# The New Books

## Travel

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ticular the story of the almost medieval chieftain, Shamyl, who was in his heyday when Tolstoy was a young man serving in the Russian army on Russia's southwestern border. His narrative is illustrated by interesting photographs taken by the author, and after leaving the Caucasus, Dr. Nansen gives some impressions of his journey up the Volga from Astrakhan.

## Books Briefly Described

FIRE. By THOMAS F. DOUGHERTY and PAUL W. KEARNEY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1931. $3.50.

A simple but pointed exposition of the causes and methods of prevention of fires together with much practical instruction as to the precautions to be observed by the individual who is the victim of a conflagration. To his more specific discussion Mr. Dougherty, the Assistant Chief of the New York Fire Department, has added incidental lively reminiscence.

CHRISTIANS ONLY. By HEYWOOD BROUN and GEORGE BRITT. New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

An examination by Gentiles into the causes, the extent, and the results of anti-Semitic prejudice. Mr. Broun takes up the subject both from its social and economic angles, arriving at the conclusion that the most effective method of overcoming prejudice against the Jews, is through abatement of orthodoxy on the part of the latter, a consummation presumably to be relied on to foster assimilation between Jews and Gentiles.

GODS AND LITTLE FISHES. By ALFRED PEARCE DENNIS. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1931. $3.50.

Close-ups of men in public life in this country and Europe by one who had known them with considerable intimacy. Lively, anecdotal accounts, Mr. Dennis's chapters make vivacious and revelatory reading.

THE BED-BOOK OF TRAVEL. By RICHARDSON WRIGHT. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1931. $2.50.

A pot-pourri of advice, reminiscence, musing on life, travel sketches, and short stories so arranged as to present variety and convenient length for the person who woos slumber through reading. Mr. Wright has an agreeable style, a catholic interest, and a ranging fancy, and his book, while slight, is a pleasant bedside companion.

SILVER SEAS AND GOLDEN CITIES. By FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES. New York: Horace Liveright. 1931. $3.50.

The narrative of what the author calls "a joyous journey through Latin Lands," originally written as correspondence for a magazine of large circulation and adjusted to the interest of the general reader. Miss Keyes's itinerary included Spain, Portugal, and the South American republics. Her chronicle is vivacious, panoramic, and consistently enthusiastic.

THIS FLESH. By WYTHE WILLIAMS. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1931. $2 net.

An extremely fast moving and tense novel portraying the bond that holds two people together. Its action takes place in the course of a single night, and its two characters are at a distance from each other. Each rehearses the scenes that they have lived through together, the recollections of one alternating with a chapter containing those of the other throughout the book. Mr. Williams has set forth with considerable force the antagonistic forces that can hold apart persons united by a powerful bond.

TWO PRISONERS. By LAJOS FILAHY. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.50 net.

A story of the war, written from the Austrian angle, and revolving about a three-cornered love affair.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE AS LITERATURE. By CHARLES A. DINSMORE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1931. $2.50.

A series of essays on the literature of the Bible woven together into a study of the book as a whole, written by a distinguished Dante scholar.

THE ROMANCE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. By DMITRI MEREKOWSKY. New York: Random House. 1931. $5.

An unlimited edition of this famous novel with reproductions of twelve of Da Vinci's original sketches. Typography by the Plympton Press.

TACNA AND ARICA. By WILLIAM J. DENNIS. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1931. $4.

A scholarly survey of the negotiations in this famous dispute. The whole intended as a contribution to the history of arbitration.

DEPOSITORS PAID IN FULL. By FREDERICK POWELL. The Arbitrator Press. 1931. $1.50.

Mr. Powell who organized the defence committee for the stockholders in the City Trust affair here writes a brief history of the failure of that bank and the subsequent calamity in the Bank of the United States, with a criticism of American banking management and suggestions for better control.

MUSTAPHA KEMAL OF TURKEY. By H. E. WORTHAM. Boston: Little, Brown. 1931. $2.50.

A historical biography of the maker of modern Turkey written for general consumption.

THE AMERICAN PROCESSION. 1855-1914. By WILLIAM A. CROFFUT. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1931. $3.

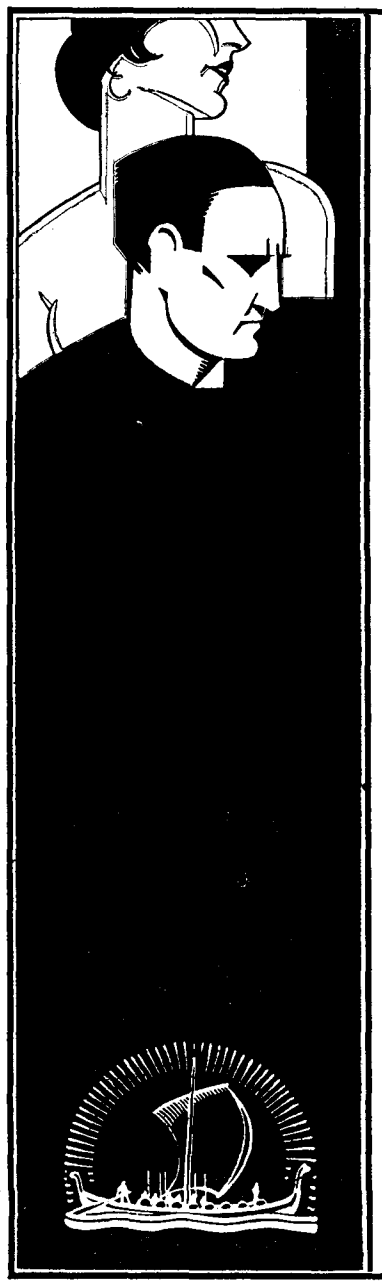
A series of pictures of active Americans by a newspaper man who began as a stenographer with Daniel Webster, Chase, and Lincoln, and who knew all the American notables for half a century. Gossipy and readable.

THE PEGASUS BOOK: A Review of the Year's Sport. 1930. Edited by MAJOR W. E. LYON. New York: Richard R. Smith. 1930. $7.50.

A summary of sport activities in riding, hunting, racing, and polo with reference to the United States as well as to abroad.

WILLIAM THE THIRD IN THE DEFENCE OF HOLLAND. 1672-4. By MARY CAROLINE TREVELYAN. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1930. $7.50.

A well documented history of the struggle of William the Third against Louis XIV. Intended as a contribution to Dutch history.

"*A tale of primitive lusts and jealousies and dreadful revenge*"
—RALPH STRAUSS

What sort of man could write such a book as this —the strange and sinister tale of one who feared life and was tossed headlong into bestiality—its nightmare atmosphere—its inspired writing—its flashes of haunting beauty? With his first book, short stories entitled *Nightseed*, this young English writer commanded the praise of Galsworthy, Bennett, Williamson and scores of other distinguished writers and critics. With his first novel, *Gay Agony*, he has fulfilled their high predictions. An important new figure has arrived.

GAY AGONY

*by* H. A. MANHOOD

A De Quincy or a Poe might have imagined such a village as Manhood describes in this book. Against its background he has told the story of Micah, the sensitive and inhibited townsman, and Drusilla, the country Jezebel. He has written a daring novel—a book that is not for the timid, but for those who can face new vistas and find beauty in a bold and rugged landscape. "*Superbly written, unmistakably fine.*"—HUGH WALPOLE. $2.50

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# The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*

*The Lewiston, Me.,* Daily Sun *has the "Century Dictionary of Names," but would add to its office equipment other books to help in the pronunciation of foreign names, European, Japanese, and Chinese.*

MACKEY'S "Pronunciation of 10,000 Proper Names" (Dodd, Mead), the revised and enlarged edition, is a very present help in any office; English surnames not found here are likely to be pronounced for you in "Titles and Forms of Address" (Black: Macmillan), an English publication that would be helpful in corresponding with the highly placed as well as in addressing face-to-face gentlemen with names as unpredictable as Bagehot (Baj-jut), or Bourchier (Bow-cher). Funk publishes a pamphlet "Key to Noted Names," and the University of Chicago one with "Pronunciations of Italian Painters," each costing a quarter, while the French Book Store, San Francisco, has for fifty cents a key to the pronunciation of California names in English and Spanish. Irvine's "How to Pronounce Names in Shakespeare" is published by Hinds. The "Century Dictionary" is still the chief resource for this purpose especially as there is now a fine new edition in two volumes with 24,000 names, biographical, geographical, historical, literary, mythological, down to men now living—and if Mussolini and Charlie Chaplin, here to be found, are not *both* living and mythological I have lost my hold on the dictionary. There are also 5,000 foreign words and phrases and many new words of foreign origin, including those left us by the war. Also, and this is good news, it now costs less than ten dollars.

The customary calls for the pronunciation of names of authors have been collecting: Sacheverell, so far as I have ever heard, is no more complicated than Sash-*ev*-er-ell; possibly the hitch comes from the fact that the youngest Sitwell is often spoken of as Sascha, especially by people who have not met him. There should be a standing statement somewhere that the first syllable of Galsworthy rhymes with haul, to save postage by this department. Remember that the name is so old it goes back to the Gauls. I have already noted, however, that the prevailing Continental pronunciation is Gazz-wuzz-*zee*, to which I have heard him respond, both in Paris and in Vienna, with benignity and aplomb. Yet we continue to take pains with pronunciation; an Alabama correspondent says she cannot get authentic advice on Tusitala—now I think that anything but Too-si-*tah*-la would be fussy. Is there a Samoan in the house to set me right if I'm wrong? San Michele is San Mick-ay-le and Dutton says it's an open secret that the author of "The Story of San Michele" is the hero of Norman Douglas's "South Wind." Another inquirer is informed that it is extremely probable that S. Pepys called himself Peeps, that the bank where he had an account set him down as Pepies, presumably because they called him Peppis, and that a verse of 1675 makes him rhyme with lips. John Drinkwater, in "Pepys: His Life and Character," tells all this, and says that the family is unequivocally for Peeps. If one may claim Al Capone for a literary name—and now that there is a book by F. W. Pasley, "Al Capone: The Biography of a Self-made Man" (Washburn), I don't see why it isn't—one might record that instead of being in three syllables it rhymes, appropriately enough, with moan.

*J. S. G., Kalamazoo, Mich., asks, "Is it known who wrote 'John Jasper's Secret: a Sequel to the Mystery of Edwin Drood,' and 'A Mother's Letter to a Schoolmaster,' with introduction by James Harvey Robinson, published by Knopf in 1923?"*

THE secret of the authorship of "A Mother's Letters to a Schoolmaster" is still guarded, but if you write to the author in care of Alfred Knopf the letter will be forwarded.

But I can solve the mystery of Edwin Drood's first seriously undertaken sequel. Henry Morford, a New York newspaperman, went to England with his wife and made a long stay on purpose to conduct a conscientious survey of conditions at Rochester and Staple Inn, so as to figure out, as it were on the spot, how things would have been likely to happen. From October, 1871, to May, 1872 his continuation was issued in *Frank Leslie's* and in *The Chimney Corner*, then in book form. No name was on the title page, but general belief based on insinuating announcements assigned the joint authorship to Wilkie Collins and the eldest son of Charles Dickens, or rather to Collins working with the consent and collaboration of the family. This was promptly repudiated from headquarters, but to this day the truth has never quite caught up with the rumor. On the title page of the copy I read —coming upon it in a moribund circulating library in a village off the track of trade —the Collins-Dickens attribution was pencilled in. The book deserved more reputable exploitation; it remains an honest effort of reconstruction, though handicapped at the start by its very method. For after all Drood did not disappear out of Rochester or Staple Inn, but into the mind of Charles Dickens, and one is far more likely to guess where he may have gone by exploring the probable course of that mind and method—which had a way of running uncommonly true to form—than through all the topography in England.

It is along these more promising lines and by considering past performances, that the latest investigations have proceeded. For they are of course proceeding. Harry B. Smith, in the introduction to one of the best of them, "Sherlock Holmes Solves the Mystery," published in *Munsey's Magazine*, December, 1924, points out that while there is a magic circle of Dickensians who by choice read no novels but those of Dickens, within that is a charmed company of devotees who read only one Dickens novel, and read that over and over with never-ceasing interest. It is a neat touch that brings Mr. Smith's story to a close by making the great detective—having settled the Drood mystery once for all and turned out Watson and the narrator into the night and Baker Street—settle into tobacco-scented solitude and reach happily for his worn copy of "Drood."

The most satisfactory treatment of the case that I have found since Dr. Howard Duffield's "John Jasper, Strangler," published in the *Bookman* a year or so ago, is "The Cloisterham Murder Case," an essay by Edward S. Everett included in "Fred Newton Scott Anniversary Papers, 1888-1926," published by the University of Chicago. In this, Jasper is a murderer in fact as well as in intention—it will be remembered that at the famous trial by a jury of authors in which Chesterton and Shaw took part some years since, he was proved to have had the will but not to have done the deed. But according to Mr. Everett's hypothesis he murdered the wrong man in the course of one of his seizures, believing it to be Edwin, who watches what is to him a completely inexplicable proceeding and goes at once into retirement to get his bearings. As for the identity of Datchery, I think Mr. Everett has hit upon something both provocative and satisfactory when he declares if we ever find who he may be he will turn out to be someone relatively unimportant. Certainly he will not be a leading character, which disposes of his identity with Drood or Helena. Other Dickens novels have had mysterious investigators—the old gentleman in "Old Curiosity Shop," Monk in "Oliver Twist"—and once the investigations are over it would take a fervent Dickensian to tell you offhand what relation either of these had been to the leading character. They were there to unravel a plot and precipitate a catastrophe (like another insignificant investigator, Nadgett in "Martin Chuzzlewit") and their purpose accomplished, drop back into the reader's mental lumber room. Quite possibly Datchery would be a disappointment if we could ever get him placed. But "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" will never turn out a disappointment. It is the one detective story in all the world with a perfectly satisfactory ending, the only one that never lets you down.

## Round About Parnassus

(*Continued from page 696*)

his custom. Mr. Brown has drunk Arrac in Corfu, "the last bottle of Château La Tour Blanche" in Texas, "A *mast* of *Märzen* at the *Oktoberfest*," "red *mata ratos* in Seville," "a Ramos gin fizz backed up by a dozen cock oysters," *Pisco* "with a sword for a backbone," "a Prairie Oyster all alone on a dusty desert morn," and "Rhine-wine and seltzer at the old *weinstube* on Union Square," as he tells us, among many other notable beverages. Alas, our experience tallies with his in only the last two mentioned, though we have heard of Ramos gin fizzes and Pisco punches for many years!

We should also mention that, in the course of his travels, Mr. Brown has taken a number of chronicled journeys by plane. He describes them well. In reading the blurb on the jacket of his book we were saddened by the blurb-writer's ending his encomium with the following: "And all of them (the poems), whatever the scene may be, are characterized by a style of vigor, animation, and color brilliance." We understand what is meant, but could it not have been put more literately? The cover of the book, on the other hand, is amusing and in key with the contents. If you intend to travel about a bit this Spring to any of the "Stops" that Mr. Brown made, you could do worse than secure his improvement on Baedeker, though you won't find a single statistic in it!


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DR. JOSEPH JASTROW, *author of* EFFECTIVE THINKING—*published next week*

If it be true, as ARISTOTLE declared, that the characteristic activity of God *is a thinking on thinking*, then your correspondents can rightfully invoke celestial sanction for a book they are publishing next week, *Effective Thinking*, by DR. JOSEPH JASTROW.

The author is one of the most famous educators of our time, a psychologist for psychologists. Yet he carries his wisdom lightly, illuminating his learning with grace and wit. DR. JASTROW predicates this sound and informal volume on the proposition that thinking is no longer a monopoly controlled by capitalists of the intellect, but the privilege and duty of the many.

The result is a book that sets forth the actual technique of thought, disentangles the barbed wire of formal logic, and charts the human urges, prejudices and temptations that beset the life of reason. . . . *Effective Thinking* ought to be a book for the years, provided your correspondents do some effective publishing.

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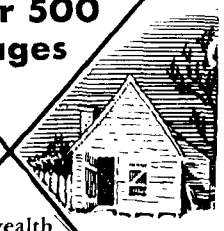

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THOMAS R. COWARD writes us from Coward-McCann with reference to the suggestion of *Mr. Rutherford E. Delevage* that we recommend to you *Jules Lemaitre's* "En Marge des Vieux Livres." Coward says that Coward-McCann have published a translation by *Clarence Stratton* of this work, entitled in English "On the Margin of Old Books." . . . .

*During 1930, one of the sourest years* in publishing history, the annual sales of The Modern Library zoomed over the million mark. "The Education of *Henry Adams*" is one of their March titles and *they have also got out Swift's* "Gulliver's Travels," "A Tale of a Tub," and "The Battle of the Books" all in one volume with an introduction by *Carl Van Doren*. Another March offering is *Christopher Morley's* "Parnassus on Wheels." . . . .

The fourth volume of "The American Caravan" is now out. Among other things it contains an entire volume of poems by the late *Harry Crosby* whose suicide last year shocked the literary world, a group of essays on "The Impulse of Poetry" in which *John Gould Fletcher* replies to *T. S. Eliot*, and, among other contributors, *William Faulkner, Marsden Hartley, Phelps Putnam, Paul Rosenfeld, Evelyn Scott, Robert Penn Warren*, and *William Carlos Williams*. . . .

One of the most interesting autobiographies of recent years is sure to be "The Autobiography of *Lincoln Steffens*," to be published by Harcourt, Brace and Company on April ninth. . . .

Stokes will publish *General Pershing's* "My Experiences in the World War" on April 27th. They say that the General has been revising proofs and checking his every statement with extreme care. The autographed, limited edition of 2100 copies has been oversubscribed for weeks and it is said that the demand for the First Regular $10 edition is so great that Stokes cannot guarantee any longer late orders for this edition. . . .

We acknowledge receipt from *William Edwin Rudge* of the twenty-sixth issue of the year-book of *The Sudio* magazine, now published in this country as *Atelier*. The book is called "Decorative Art—1931," is three dollars in wrappers and four fifty in cloth. Of the previous issues of this well-known annual only six numbers remain in print. . . .

Our friend, *Caspar Milquetoast*, "The Timid Soul," created by *H. T. Webster*, the well-known cartoonist, is now available in book-form through Simon and Schuster. There is a streak of "The Timid Soul" in most of us, and that is what makes this pictorial satire particularly memorable. . . .

*Bliss Perry* has made a selection from the poems of *Edwin Arlington Robinson*, a new volume just being published by the Macmillan Company. . . .

Having recently expressed our desire to go to Majorca somebody has just put into our hands "Once There Was and Was Not," by *Beatrice J. Dane* and *George Ezra Dane*, being tales and rhymes of Majorca adapted from the lore of *Mossen Antoni Maria Alcover* and *Don Pablo Bosch Y Roca*, and illustrated by *Rhea Wells*. It is one of the Junior Books published by Doubleday, Doran. . . .

A good recent biography ought to be *Maristan Chapman's* "Imperial Brother," the story of the natural son of the natural son of *Talleyrand*, the man who was the power behind the throne of his Imperial Brother, *Napoleon III*. The book is published by the Viking Press, and the same *firm announces that so great has been the* success of "Boners," that Golden Treasury of Misinformation, that a successor is about to be issued. "More Boners" is to appear on April Fool's day. . . .

It is hardly necessary to say that the book of poetry to buy in the Spring will be *Edna St. Vincent Millay's* "Fatal Interview," which Harper announces for April sixteenth. . . .

*Virginia Woolf* has completed her new novel, "The Waves," and it will be published in the summer or early autumn (Harcourt). *Lytton Strachey's* new book of essays will contain short biographical studies of *Boswell, Gibbon, Macaulay, Carlyle*, and others. . . .

Random House has announced the epic of *Beowulf* in a new verse rendering by *William Ellery Leonard*, illustrated by *Rockwell Kent*. And we hope they don't forget to send us a copy! . . . .

The Daughters of the American Revolution have barred *Sinclair Lewis* and *Gilbert K. Chesterton* from speaking from the rostrum of Constitution Hall in Washington, D. C. The D. A. R. has, of late years, been gaining a perfectly tremendous reputation for its astounding intelligence. Can these be women or goddesses! . . .

We are going to run some contributions now; really not because we are lazy but because we had more to put into our Contributors' Number of last week than we could stuff into the column and it isn't fair not to give all our good friends a chance once in a while. . . .

*Colin Clements*, from far California, obliges with "M-E-O-W,"

*Our kitty cat*
*Is black and white,*
*He used to stay*
*Out nights and fight;*
*But papa took*
*Him to the vet,*
*And now he doesn't*
*Fight, you bet.*

Speaking of birthdays, *our* late birthday, though we received a sweet greeting upon it from *Nina Jay Dusenberry*, only drew the following from *Beth Merridy* of Greenwich, Connecticut:

February Second *your* birthday! It has been mine longer than I can remember. May I not reasonably ask how you at this date are just claiming it? Furthermore, involved as it is with the groundhog, should you not be ashamed in all conscience to acknowledge it? What makes you think you want it?

Well, we weren't consulted originally; so we'll groundhog it just the same. Everybody's got to have *some* birthday, aint they? . . .

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## St. Francis

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI. The translation of Lady Georgina Fullerton, 1864, revised and emended by DOM ROGER HUDLESTON, with an introduction by ARTHUR LIVINGSTON. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1930 for 1931.

I THINK that this is rather the best book so far issued by Mr. Macy in his year and a half of publishing limited editions. He has combined a book worth printing with a bookish quality and satisfactory printing, more completely than in any previous issue—and this despite some quite handsome books in previous months. The appearance of this volume confirms a previous impression, that the current series, printed in Europe, is more distinguished than the previous series, printed in America.

"The Little Flowers" is a good, sizeable folio again, but the proportions of type and margins and bulk and paper and binding combine to justify one another, and to justify the large size. The type is a renaissance roman font of modern Italian design—known as Pastonchi—with few mannerisms save the double hyphen. It composes well and reads well, and is quite handsome. There are no running heads, but monotony is avoided by display heads at the numerous chapters, and by wood engravings (of which more later). The initials are somewhat heavy, but cleverly placed. The press work, if a little faint, is even. The paper is a special making from the Fabriano mills, good in color, finish, and "feel."

The white-line engravings are exceptional. They are in the modern manner, but fine in scale and skilfully executed: archaic in feeling but not bizarre. The engraver is Paolo Molnár, and he has made about one hundred blocks of different sizes scattered through the book.

The binding is of light blue diaper pattern on a light brown ground, made for the volume by the Fortuny Society of Venice. The title is stamped in gold on a light blue panel. It is a harmonious and quiet but effective binding.

The volume has been made by the Officina Bodoni, and is to my mind a much lovelier volume than the books printed in those cold and rigid types of Bodoni which have given the present Bodoni printing office its reputation. It seems to me a successful book. R.

## Books from "Harrison of Paris"

SHAKESPEARE'S VENUS AND ADONIS. Paris: Harrison. 1930.

THE WILD WEST. Stories by BRET HARTE. Pictures by PIERRE FALKE. Paris: Harrison. 1930.

THESE two volumes are respectively the first and second ventures of a new publishing firm which calls itself "Harrison of Paris." The first was designed by Monroe Wheeler and printed by Ducros & Colas, the second was printed by R. Coulouma under the direction of H. Barthelemy.

Of the two books, the Venus and Adonis is the more interesting in typography—but it is printed on villainously heavy paper, almost like cardboard. Such leaves cannot be turned except by main force, making difficult the reading. The Nicolas Cochin type has been used, and it is a lively and attractive type. As is customary with many French editions, there are various papers used—Chinese, Arches, and "iridescent vellum," a total of four hundred and seventy-five. I regret that I have not seen any but the Arches paper copies: a thinner paper would have redeemed the book.

The collection of stories by Bret Harte is much more of a book. In the first place Bret Harte is not a common source of inspiration for printers of limited editions, and is therefore the more welcome. But better than that, the book is well and soundly made, printed in well-leaded Bodoni type (which may or may not be an appropriate choice), and the copy which I have, on Montgolfier paper, is pleasant to handle. There are 876 copies, 36 of them on Japan vellum.

Pierre Falké's pictures, eight of them all-told, are examples of Poker Flat seen by way of Montmartre—and cleverly seen, too. They are stenciled in color, and add much to the style of the book. The binding of coarse crash, with red stamping, is Gallic and good. The book is a creditable beginning, and augurs well for the new publishers. R.

## Auction Sales Calendar

American Art Association-Anderson Galleries. March 25th: Selections from the libraries of Mrs. Edward LaMontagne, of Scarsdale, the estate of Mrs. William Loring Andrews, of New York City, and others. Among these books are: a group of works by William Loring Andrews, including his "Bibliopegy in the United States and Kindred Subjects," with Sidney L. Smith's original pen-and-ink designs, each signed by the artist; a copy of Robert Bloomfield's "Poems," London, 1845, with a double fore-edge painting; an early fifteenth century Northern French Book of Hours, with the calendar in French; a prayer book printed by Nicolaus Jenson in 1475; a complete set of I. N. Phelps Stokes's "Iconography of Manhattan Island"; uncut copies of the first editions of Thackeray's "The Snob," and "The Gownsman," Cambridge, 1829-1830; Keats's "Lamia," original boards, with the four leaves of advertisements at the end; one of the four copies, privately printed, of Kipling's "The Ballad of Ahmed Shah"; a perfect copy of the suppressed first edition of Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie," New York, 1900; and two watercolors by Kate Greenaway.

Sotheby and Company, London. April 1st: Relics of Samuel Pepys, the property of the late John Pepys Cockerell. These are to be sold directly after the Paston Letters. They include Samuel Pepys' silver-gilt porringer and salver; King James's gaming-table and pieces; Sir Godfrey Kneller's portrait of Pepys; books from his library, including a Nautical Almanack on vellum, of about 1500; the private correspondence and papers, and his official letter-book, 1662-1679, containing unpublished autograph shorthand material. G. M. T.

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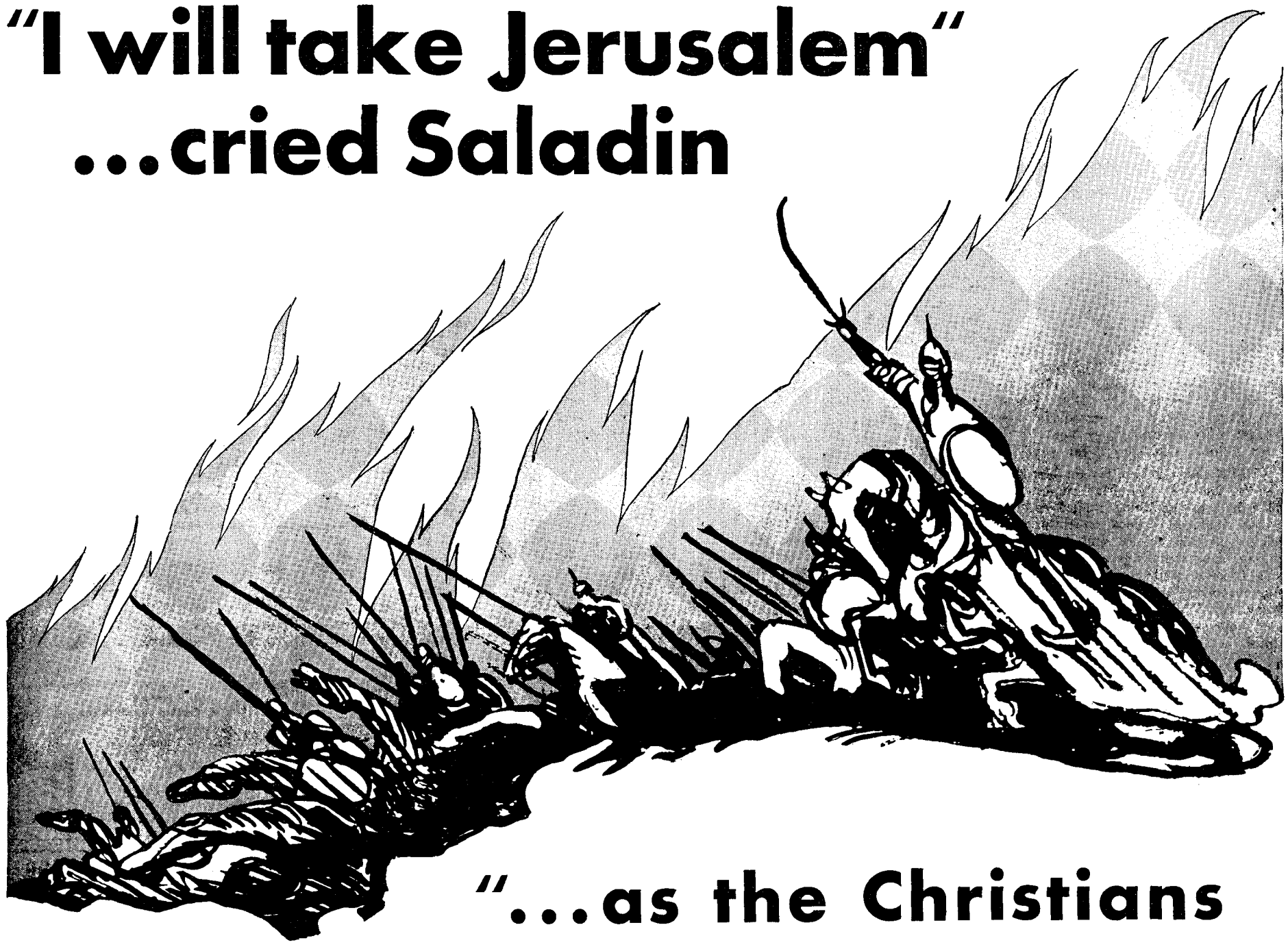
# "I will take Jerusalem" ...cried Saladin



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In *The Crusades,* his book-of-the-month last March, Harold Lamb traced the Christian conquest of Jerusalem. The *Saturday Review* said of it: "He writes for all of us still young enough to be stirred by wonder and courage." In this, the companion volume to that great book, Mr. Lamb now brings to life the later Crusades, and the 150 years when Jerusalem was a holy pawn in the game of knights and emperors.

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